

STORM OVER INDIA

by
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*Publishers
since 1812*

HURST & BLACKETT, LTD.
LONDON

MCMXXXIII

*Made and Printed in Great Britain
for Hurst & Blackett, Ltd., at
The Anchor Press, Tiptree, Essex.*

To
MY MUSE

PREFACE

Dear Sir, or Madam,

In offering you "Storm Over India" I realize the enormity of my audacity. A little further along you will learn the reason why I wrote this book, but the reason, please believe me, is no apology. Somebody had to write this book about India. So I did it.

I realize, too, that, although my tale has a beginning, it has no end; even my own conclusions are no real conclusions. But can one, unless dwelling among the self-elected elite on Boars' Hill, pretend to draw any real conclusions about India? There is, one notes, an affinity between the tired old men of India, last clinging relics of the Victorian era, and the tired-voiced ones who, from their houses on the Hill, drone that nobody wants to know the truth about India.

But India matters. It matters so vitally that you must bear with such mistakes as I may have made when writing this book. I have sewn together a patchwork quilt—a crazy quilt, if you so prefer the description—glaring colours that jostle one another; no pattern, no design. Just nothing but a sincere attempt to call attention to a grave danger which it is still not too late to avert.

I am, dear Sir, or Madam,

Yours faithfully,

THE AUTHOR.

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Storm Over India

PROLOGUE

“FOR God’s sake don’t write a book about India !”

If I heard this expression once I must have heard it twenty times, not only going to India, but also coming back, and likewise in many places in that vast country. Sometimes it was said with a smile, sometimes with a frown, often with sarcasm. But every time I heard it I obtained just a little more urge to want to write a book about India. Not when I was travelling towards India, because then I had made up my mind that I would not form any sort of preconceived idea of what I might see or hear.

No ; this book was conceived in India itself, because I became so annoyed with those people who think that only a long residence in a country entitles one to speak about it with any sort of authority. One is reproached with superficiality. What, after all, is the superficial? A man who brings intelligence and a trained mind to bear on a situation can form as good, if not a better, judgment.

than a man who has been living so long in the midst of a situation that he becomes bored with it.

So is it with India. A soldier has one conception of the country ; a civil servant another ; the commercial man—the “box wallah” as they call him—quite another. Who is right? Does the soldier speak with greater authority than the man whose job it is to build up the commercial prosperity of India? And the civil servant who, after all, is the man who really rules the country, has he a lesser right than the soldier to say : “I and I alone know this country”?

In my talks in trains and inns and hotels and ships I have been constantly told that the situation in India and the conditions there are so complex that we people in England cannot possibly understand them.

That is very much like bankers’ talk. And I said to my friends in India, as I always say to financial experts when they tell me that things are too difficult to explain : “Then make it easier for us ; speak to us in a language we can understand.” In India, when one says that, one receives a pitying look, and usually some such remark as : “Why, you don’t even speak Hindi.” The answer to that, of course, is not difficult so long as you know it. The correct answer is : “My dear sir, I don’t speak Hindi, but neither do I speak the other two hundred odd languages and dialects of this mighty country. Must I speak them all before I can be considered capable of studying the hidden mysteries of India?”

We then go round that well-known vicious circle, and find ourselves where we were, ready to be courageous enough to talk and write about India, even if we are to be charged with being "superficial".

It is my intention to relate things as I saw them and as I heard them. I want to be entirely objective. I think that many people will agree with me when I say that the Simon Report is the best text-book on India that has ever been written. It is concise and absolutely fair. And yet it is so difficult to be fair. That is one of the first things one realizes in India, a country where the proverb, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison", holds absolutely true.

Religious differences, and most particularly the clear-cut cleavage between the Moslems and the Hindus, render it impossible for a European to be fair. After living and travelling in India one either likes the Hindus more than the Moslems, or the Moslems more than the Hindus. It all depends on one's own temperament. If one admires virile people one prefers the Moslems. On the other hand, the philosophical, those enamoured of an ancient culture and civilization, must lean towards the Hindus. I have to say this as a matter of self-expression, because further on in this book it will be found that I sum up the Moslems as being the people on whose friendship Great Britain should rely in India.

The Indians themselves, no matter what their

West is West, and ne'er the twain shall meet." They can meet in conference, but the conference will never get anywhere. We can send from Whitehall commissions to India ; the commissions will do their sincere best, but nothing helpful will come out of these visits or conferences. What India needs is government.

When I wrote that the question might be decided in India or in Whitehall I meant that Whitehall will be faced with the problem either of staying in India, by force if necessary, or else getting out by gentle abdication, as some people wish should happen. It may be decided in India by certain extreme elements bringing about a revolution. These, therefore, are the two ways : If India shows force, Whitehall must meet it with force if England would stay in India. Alternatively, if the Indian expects force, he will not attempt mutiny or revolution when he knows that such attempts will not be tolerated.

That brings one to the question of the people now ruling India. We have a magnificent Police Service and a magnificent Civil Service, but in both Services there are men who should be placed on the Retired List and brought back home as soon as possible. They are the "Tired Old Men" of India. When they talk they put back their heads, close their eyes, and oh dear !—they are so tired, so sleepy, so bored. They are not all old in the sense of age, but chiefly in the sense of service. They have served their time, and no doubt all of them have

served it well, but the climate, the life, has brought them to a pitch in their service which frankly is not safe. One prominent official in Bombay City said to me : "What difference does it make to me if I work under an Indian or a European?" He had already been in his job for eleven years. A query of this kind is unanswerable. If a man feels that way, then it is better for him to resign his job and go home.

Not that many Indians do not make most excellent officials, and there are hundreds of cases in India where there are Europeans working under the orders of Indians, and both sides are perfectly satisfied. But I am quarrelling with the mentality that is willing to throw up its hands in surrender. Curiously enough, it is mostly in the Civil Service that one finds these curious persons. Among the Police there is mostly an entirely different mentality ; also among the European railwaymen, for whom I have the very greatest admiration, all of them doing the most difficult jobs in the most difficult surroundings. The despised "box wallahs", too, are practically all in favour of the policy of the mailed fist inside the velvet glove. There are exceptions, of course, and I can recall several men holding important positions who close their eyes and say : "Yes, it is really too bad the way India is going to the dogs." Most of them, of course, are looking forward to their pensions when they retire, and I suppose it is a case of "peace in our time", meaning, so long as the duration of their jobs is not threatened

by the storm collecting over India, then what the devil?

When I complete a tour such as I have made in India I put myself under cross-examination. I ask myself what I have learnt. What have I learnt about India?

I have learnt many reasons why the British race is pre-eminently the race born to rule, how it can be fair in action although it knows how difficult it is to be always fair in the mind. I have learnt that the young Hindu Prince one meets in the best hotels in London and the European capitals is blood brother to the naked man who is standing breast-high in the foul waters of the Ganges. He will not admit this. He will raise the question of caste, and about castes I have learnt much. I have learnt that, although women in India are of no importance unless they are in purdah, yet one never sees a woman servant in any hotel, or, unless she be an ayah (children's nurse), in any private house either. I have learnt that Anglo-Indians are not people who have lived a long time in India, but are Eurasians, the half-castes of white and Indian blood. I have learnt not to say English, but Europeans, because for some extraordinary reason, although we English outnumber other Europeans by five to one, yet all whites in India are referred to as Europeans.

I have learnt that India is mid-Victorian just as any other nation would be where they eat an English breakfast of the 'eighties. I have learnt

that it can be extremely hot and yet damnably cold. I have learnt why Englishmen dress for dinner on outlying stations.

And last, but by no means least, I have learnt that one can eat a better curry anywhere in London Town than in any part of the Indian Empire.

CHAPTER I

BLOOMSBURY TO BOMBAY

MIGHTY India lies a brown smudge along the pale green horizon.

This, then, is the end of a long journey. White sails float along the calm waters of the Indian Ocean, looking like large editions of the swooping seagulls. It is four o'clock in the evening and it will be night before we enter Bombay. This is, perhaps, a good moment to look back over the last two weeks, the period in which we made our approach to India, and to discover for ourselves why we have a feeling of disappointment. I think I know why I am feeling a little sad. Our history books and our geography books, our traditions and our legends, made us believe that India and ourselves were one. The foreigners, remembering what they had been taught, looked and admired at the way we ruled India. Elderly retired colonels, in Folkestone or Cheltenham, looked fierce, and we were told that their livers had been burned out by the fiery curries of "India's coral strand". Illusion !

One has the idea that the approach to India should be, so to speak, by way of a private park

CHAPTER

CONGRESS RIOTS

"GOTTA date with an angel!" moans the saxophone of Hans Himmers' band, specially imported from Vienna. Congress, you notice, dances! It is the hour of the cocktail in the room of The Thousand Fans in Bombay's leading hotel, and the cosmopolitan society of Bombay forgathers. A Parsee girl in a lovely "sari" foxtrots with a Swedish officer off the cruiser lying out in the bay. Men in flannels; women in gay garden-party frocks; men who have changed early into evening kit; women in frocks that were created in Paris; Hindus in turbans; Hindu ladies in flame-coloured Indian costumes, dancing the dances of the West to music that has come to Bombay from America via Vienna.

"Drop into the club for a gimlet before tiffin to-morrow," murmurs a man in a Palm Beach suit, speaking in the jargon one speaks East of Suez, where, you will remember, a man can raise a thirst. Two men can raise three thirsts between them, but no *chota pegs* before the sun has gone down. Gimlets only are permitted. A gimlet is the juice

of a fresh lime, a dash of gin, in a wineglass filled up with water or soda.

"On my way to heaven," mocks the saxophone, but although the roof is a whirl of electric fans, it is hotter than heaven. The dance floor is a living mass of colour, Parsees, Hindus, Europeans. A gigolo from Paris is giving an exhibition dance with an Englishwoman who has a French name and is the wife of a one-legged Australian ex-jockey. In the daytime she runs a milliner's shop.

"Gotta date with an angel !" sighs the saxophone, and a "bearer" slides in, bringing a chit to a police officer to say that they are rioting out at Chowpatty. A dash for a motor-car—and Congress dances.

Chowpatty is a sort of miniature Margate, a seaside resort which adjoins Bombay and lies at the foot of Malabar Hill, which is the rich residential suburb of Bombay. Chowpatty sands is one of the favourite places for the Congress rioters to stage a show. When we arrive, the riot is in full progress. To an inexperienced eye it looks like another Indian Mutiny, but the police officer knows that this is nothing of any great importance. This is what happens.

It is forbidden to show the Congress flag, which consists of a "charka", the native spinning-wheel, on a ground of orange, white and green. Several Congress flags are being shown, and Congress speaks ; mostly horn-rimmed, spectacled youths of the student type are haranguing a crowd of hooligans and loafers, exhorting them to "boycott British". Seeing

that the total wealth of the crowd would be overestimated if one put it at ten pounds, it will be understood that nothing very serious would happen if the whole of these, say fifteen hundred, loafers swore by all their gods that they will not buy British. The whole crowd consists of Hindus. They nearly all wear white Gandhi caps, which are of the same type as the old British Army forage caps. The men are naked except for the loose cotton gown which is affected by this class of native.

A great deal of noise is being made, but no real harm is being done. Nevertheless, the law must be obeyed, and at the word of command a small force of the Bombay native police marches out of a side street. The men are barefooted ; they wear blue uniforms with yellow facings, and small, round yellow caps of the "pill-box" type on the right side of their heads. In their right hands they carry "lathis", bamboo canes about four feet high and two inches in circumference. The men are led by English non-commissioned officers in white linen suits and white topees. The non-commissioned officers are, for the most part, of middle age, and many have served in the Metropolitan and English provincial police forces.

A small force marches out towards the flag. Quickly the crowd disperses, and the flag is passed into the hands of a small boy, about seven or ten years of age, who stands stock still while the crowd presses round the small body of police, yelling, cursing, screaming, "Boycott British ! Boycott British !

Boycott British!" in shrill, staccato tones. A colleague and myself are marching with the police. We are in civilian clothes, and this gives the hooligans another grievance. "C.I.D.! C.I.D.! C.I.D.!" they begin to chant, meaning that we are members of the Criminal Investigation Department!

On all these prearranged riots, Congress sends out one or two motor ambulances driven by uniformed Indians—Congress men. One of the ambulance men rushes up to us and screams, "It is no business of mine, but they are beating one of your policemen to death over there!" and he points a little distance off, where a small group of men are in a huddle like a Rugby scrum. We dash across the sands, pushing our way through the jeering mob, and find that the poor devil who is being thrashed unmercifully is not a policeman at all, but just a Moslem whom the Hindus are beating up. We drag his tormentors away and run back to the main group. Big chunks of stones begin to be thrown at us, and the police have to charge with their "lathis". Although entirely unarmed, my colleague and myself, in self-protection, have to charge with them. But the crowd is now in a very nasty mood, and when the police are driven back we have to beat a retreat to a side street and wait for reinforcements which come from Bombay in motor-lorries.

The crowd is now thoroughly worked up, and is screaming its head off on the sands. One charge from the police and again the crowd disperses. The police lay about them with their "lathis", giving the

natives cracks across their skulls and across their backs. A number of flags are captured and about sixty arrests are made, and the prisoners are marched off to the waiting prison vans. While the prisoners are driving away they cheer, and the crowd cheers back. But the police have also moved off, and my colleague and myself are left in the midst of a mob that shakes fists in our faces and all the time shouts, "Boycott British ! Boycott British ! Boycott British !" An English press photographer, Victor Barton, later to be killed in a banal aeroplane crash in England, saved the situation for us. His camera was empty, but with comic gestures he pretended to take photographs, and the howling mob became a mass of unsophisticated small children, all eager to "have their pictures taken".

We return to our car, jump in, and dash off, as a flying stone comes crashing through our back window.

CHAPTER VI

BOYCOTTING BRITISH

COUNTRIES, like persons, make a different appeal according to the temperament of the people who regard them. A man can be an equally vivid but a totally different personality to both his wife and his mother. So is it with this stormy land of India. The man coming out from home either falls under the charm and spell of this great sub-continent or else he regards it as a collection of dull sights and unsavoury smells. The European who lives in India likewise either falls a victim to the insistent call of the East, or else he groans aloud, is utterly bored, and thinks of nothing but shaking the dust of India from his shoes as fast as he possibly can. But it is a dull mind indeed that is not impressed by the wonderful kaleidoscopic pageant of India; not for a moment is there a dark patch in this marvellous patchwork quilt.

Take, for instance, the morning visit to the Crawford Market in Bombay. As you alight from your car, young Indian boys swarm around you like flies; they are hawking baskets to carry away provisions, and they fight for your custom. First we

enter the flower market, and we fall straight into a bower of pink roses, massed high banks of roses ; then pyramids of sweet-smelling jasmine and the blooms we know at home, and dozens of exotic flowers we never see. High walls of flowers, rising quite thirty feet from breast-high platforms, where natives squat cross-legged selling the flowers.

Comes then the vegetable market : walls of bananas ; green bananas, yellow bananas, red bananas, a long, high wall of bananas ; piles of pineapples ; piles of pomegranates ; luscious fruit split open and showing splashes of claret-coloured seed ; then great masses of strange fruits. And then the spice markets with all the perfumes of Arabia.

Out into the egg market with its millions of eggs ; and then the bird market with its terrible smells. A native passes, driving a flock of ducks, while white cockatoos with yellow crests screech at red-and-green parrots hanging from perches, eyed with scorn by sinister wheeling vultures low above the meat market.

Crawford Market is patronized both by the Europeans and the Indians in Bombay. It is where all races can meet on the same level. Yet quite a short distance away, in the Hornby Road, one finds a fight between Great Britain and India being waged in silent fury. Congress is using the most powerful weapon it possesses—the boycott. Both sides, British and Indian, have told a considerable number of untruths concerning the working of the boycott and its effects. Before attempting to put

this grave matter in its true proportions I propose to describe the manner in which the boycotters go to work.

In Bombay City, where the boycott of British goods is more effective than in any other part of India, Congress boycotts both the European shops in the Fort area and also the Indian shops selling British goods in the bazaars.

Then the boycott takes another form. The Mint in Bombay is picketed with the intention of preventing Indian merchants bringing bullion to the Mint. The Stock Exchange and the Cotton Exchange are boycotted by the simple process of calling a "hartel", or period of mourning, which has the effect of preventing the Stock Exchange or the Cotton Exchange from carrying on their normal activities. The "hartel" is sometimes a period of a day or two days or even a week. A "hartel" is called on the slightest excuse, or, if there is no excuse, one is invented. A Government decree may be the excuse for a "hartel", or the wounding of a Hindu in a police charge. Anything and everything is good enough.

The picketers may be roughly divided into two sections: the minority are young men and young women of excellent families, who are of the student type. These people believe heart and soul in the programme of Congress, which in reality goes far beyond the demands made at the two Round Table Conferences in London. Congress really intends to drive Great Britain out of India. The majority of

the picketers are the selfsame loafers and hooligans whom you have seen rioting on Chowpatty sands. These people are paid by Congress, and they receive on an average sixpence per day, which for them represents a very considerable sum.

The big departmental stores in Hornby Road are picketed mostly by women and boys. I had about fifteen shops under observation. In many cases—and for this I vouch—the shopkeepers are in sympathy with Congress, and they do not make complaints to the police concerning the picketing. Often the shopkeepers, even in the Fort or European area, place wooden stools outside their doors for the picketers to use. So long as the shopkeepers do not complain to the police, and the picketers do not actually molest customers, the police can do nothing.

You will find a young Indian girl, bareheaded and wearing a flame-coloured "sari," standing outside a shop door. Then a boy of about thirteen comes to relieve her. The boy wears a homespun cotton shirt and a cotton Gandhi cap. He stands motionless, not molesting or speaking to shoppers, and as I watched him he did not molest in a technical sense, but, nevertheless, scared a certain number of would-be customers. Others who have come under my observation molested in a technical sense and were arrested, but as soon as a picketer is arrested—man, boy, or woman—another picketer springs out like a Jack-in-the-Box. The technical molestation consists in making a gesture and saying, "Do

not buy British !” A gesture consists in joining the hands together in prayerlike attitude.

In the cloth market the procedure of the picketers is very much the same, but, being Indians among Indians, the picketers feel greater freedom and therefore give more trouble.

The boycott is also carried out in another form. The British banks in Bombay are not actually picketed, but Congress spies watch the entrances and exits of the British banks and report on Indian customers who patronize the British banks. This form of boycott is nothing else than very grave blackmail. Without going into the question of caste, which I do not wish to confuse with the question of the boycott, it is difficult to explain how this atrocious form of blackmail is carried out, but in due course I shall explain the matter.

The picketing of the Mint in Bombay is a form of guerilla warfare, and the police, by arresting people, not for picketing, but for loitering, have been able practically to destroy this form of boycott; but the Mawaris, the gold-turbaned men who transact financial business among the Indians, have been quite considerably scared from bringing bullion into Bombay. In this case blackmail is not the weapon ; it is a question of threatening personal violence.

How is Great Britain going to break the boycott? Only, I think, by facing facts as they really are, and not as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would like them to be. India is the greatest agricultural country in

the world. For very many years Lancashire has been supported by India, and now India is competing with Lancashire. Fundamentally, the boycott is supposed to be a boycott of foreign goods, but in point of fact it is not a boycott of foreign goods, but a boycott of British goods. In every hostile demonstration the slogan is, "Boycott British!" But while the Indians are boycotting British goods, our foreign competitors are reaping the harvest.

When the National Government arrived in power in Great Britain, and when Lord Willingdon succeeded Lord Irwin, the general situation in India underwent a great change for the better. The threatened storm did not burst. But so long as the boycott remains, so long will the stormclouds remain over India.

By facing facts one may not destroy the boycott of British goods, but may at least break it up into small pieces and so get rid of it piece by piece. It must be remembered and understood and believed that the vast majority of Indians know little and care less for Congress. But, nevertheless, those who know and care are numerous, and form an important faction, who, although carrying out the orders of Congress, are doing so only because of the fear enforced by means of blackmail which Congress inspires in them.

If the British Government takes steps to promise the fullest and most complete protection to Indian merchants who desire to trade with British

merchants, then the boycott would receive the most severe blow it has ever known. It would be necessary to approach this matter in a twofold manner. A group of British merchants would have to show a very keen desire to trade with India, and by keen desire I mean a concerted effort to recapture the Indian markets which we have lost to the French, the Germans, and the Japanese. And by giving the fullest protection to the Indian merchants who would, if they were allowed, trade with us again, I mean that we should have to mete out the severest punishment to those Indians who, acting under Congress orders, use blackmail as a political weapon.

It can be done, I am sincerely convinced it can be done, but the boycott is not a matter about which we can afford to sit down and wait. Already great firms like that of Victor Sassoon have removed their business from India to China; other Indian firms are leaving British India to settle in Native States where the ruling princes do not tolerate Congress interference.

In other matters, such as the closing down in Bombay of the Chambers of Commerce and Bullion Market and the Stock Exchange, the Government has only to march in and declare a British "hartel" suspending every Indian broker who refuses to attend his markets, and, at the same time, promise the fullest protection to brokers willing to carry on; then we would soon find that another little piece of the boycott had been broken off.

India is a greater economic problem than a political one. The political problems of India will gradually settle themselves, and more particularly if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald does not rush in where angels are afraid to tread. But the economic problems of India must be solved if the British Empire, of which India is such an important part, is to endure.

CHAPTER VII

THE NIGHT ATTACK

WHEN reading in the newspapers the accounts of rioting in Bombay, one constantly comes across the word "Maidan". What is actually the Maidan? The Maidan is a big open space almost surrounded by tall trees. It is what we would call in England a recreation ground, and on the Esplanade Maidan, where most of the rioting in Bombay takes place, it is a common sight to see many forms of field sports in progress even while a big riot is being staged. Sports in Bombay take no heed of the seasons, and in one afternoon on the Esplanade Maidan one may find games of football and games of cricket being played next door to one another, so to speak. On the edges of the Maidan, near the road, the Hindu merchants squat on the ground selling sweetmeats and roasted corn. Towards the end of a peaceful afternoon, while listening to the thud of the football and the crack of the cricket bat, this is what sometimes happens.

For some small reason, such as the resolution of the Bombay Merchants Association, which is a federation of about thirty trade associations, to

hold a meeting on the Maidan to pass a resolution demanding the liberation of Gandhi, one finds the humiliating spectacle of British and Indian police being baited, hooted, and spat upon.

The meeting is scheduled, say, for five o'clock, and at that hour about five hundred people gather on the Maidan and begin to hold two small meetings at which the forbidden Congress flag is displayed. It was on such an occasion that I first became aware of the fact that, although Congress makes such a parade of the non-violence, it nevertheless possesses an unarmed but well-organized army with disciplined leaders who are able to wage a guerilla warfare against the police.

While the two small meetings are in progress, a small force of native police appears, headed by three white sergeants, and almost at that identical moment Congress followers swarm on to the Maidan with great rapidity, and the crowd is soon swollen to three times its original size. Following the usual tactics, the rioters, hooting and jeering, surround the police and chant: "Boycott British! Boycott British!"

The Maidan is about three quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide. The police are powerless and are driven from the field and enter a waiting motor-car. It was on such an occasion as I am describing that I had the opportunity of discovering how the native seditionists, in their boycotting, differentiate between the British and other nations. With a colleague I was sitting in a stationary car

watching the riot, and when the police went away we became the centre of a very disorderly crowd, but suddenly one of the so-called dictators rushed up and explained to the demonstrators that we were American and not British, so the crowd melted away like a stormcloud driven out by the sun.

The crowd, which now numbered about 1,500 strong, was receiving reinforcements with great rapidity, and soon there were between 3,000 and 4,000 hostile Congress followers gathered on the Maidan.

They openly displayed their flags, marched and counter-marched, shouting seditious cries and writing seditious statements on the roadways, and, in fact, breaking impudently all the orders which had in recent days been put into force. It was not until half an hour later that the police returned with a force of about two hundred native police, and with their white leaders they began to chase the crowd up and down the Maidan, but without making any arrests. It was like dealing with quicksilver. The Congress followers have been organized to take part in this form of guerilla warfare. Signallers with coloured handkerchiefs told the Gandhists when to advance and retire. Viewed from one angle the demonstration may appear to be very childish, but Indians are a nation of children, and the object of this demonstration or riot, and of many smaller riots, was to "make monkeys" out of the police.

Drawn up by the road edging the Maidan were

some of the Congress motor-ambulances I have already had occasion to describe. Right until dusk the serio-comedy continued—the police rushing after groups that, acting on preconceived orders, broke up and ran, reformed, and then jeered.

After dusk that night the mob stoned the adjacent police-station and injured four policemen. Then, for the first time, the Sepoys really charged, and, laying out right and left, injured eight rioters. Later that night I was myself to be concerned in a night attack.

Much British propaganda has been made out of the shooting of Indians by British soldiers and native police. In the United States, particularly, stories have been published of how Indians have been shot down unmercifully by order of British authorities. To anyone who has had the opportunity of making personal investigation on the spot, such statements can only appear as utter nonsense. But, nevertheless, when one knows from first-hand evidence that shots are only fired in extreme cases, when blood is only shed in order to prevent greater bloodshed, it makes one's blood boil when one reads the lies published about British rule in India.

With the shooting of Hindus and Moslems during communal riots I have dealt with elsewhere. This is a plain straightforward story of shooting in Bombay by day and by night. The firing into a mass of human people in the full sunshine is a nasty business, but when such shooting has to take place by night it is doubly horrible. The Oriental

does not regard the taking of life in the same way as we people of the West do, but I think, personally, there is an added horror when Indians have to shoot at their fellows in order to obey their superior officers, who are whites. I have in mind a curious picture. Congress had ordered the celebration of a "Red Shirt Day" in sympathy with the Red Shirts of the North-West Frontier, who are affiliated to Congress. A large number of paid agitators, wearing red shirts, paraded through the bazaars, making hostile demonstrations against the British. I went to see the demonstration. I was alone and unarmed, and I was made the centre of a hostile scene. In these situations the only possible thing to do is to remain perfectly quiet and show no fear; neither smile nor frown; just remain still, as if the hostile crowd did not exist. This is a state of mind that is a veritable victory of mind over matter, and it can be acquired by practice, and in the stormy scenes of India one obtains plenty of practice.

I carried out the prescription I have just given, and the procession rolled on, an angry wave of red. I continued my drive through the bazaars and came to cross-roads, where there was a company of native police with rifles. It was the day on which Commissioner Wilson, Chief of the Bombay Police, was handing over to his successor, Sir Patrick Kelley, and Mr. Wilson had been called away from his desk, while in the act of handing over, to tackle a suddenly dangerous situation. The mob of Congress agitators had got out of hand.

On the neighbouring rooftops and wooden balconies were thousands of Indians passively looking on, and far more calm than Spaniards at a bullfight. The roofs were a riot of colour. About a hundred and fifty yards away was the Monkey Temple, with hundreds of monkeys climbing up and down and screeching, but the screeching of the monkeys was as nothing compared with the screeching of the mob. They rushed on to the thoroughfares, hurling stones at the police and shouting words of abuse and defiance. Although I have assisted as a journalist at revolutions and mob disorders practically all over the world, I have never in my life met with anything to compare to the patience of the Indian police; both officers and men are marvellous. There came a moment, however, when shots had to be fired. The police, at the word of command, fired into the middle of the crowd. As the shots rang out there was a dead silence, and then the pattering of hundreds of naked feet as the demonstrators rushed away. Whatever dead or wounded there were vanished with the crowd, so that one could know nothing of the actual casualties, except from the Congress vernacular newspapers, which always exaggerate casualties a hundredfold. Again and again these futile scenes were repeated during the afternoon, and then, towards dusk, the police were withdrawn, driven away in motor-lorries, followed by the jeers of the crowd. Another victory for Mr. Gandhi!

That night I was dining at the Royal Bombay

Yacht Club with a friend, when a message was brought to us that a police-station was being attacked and that a "chokey", which is Hindi for police post, had been burned. With some difficulty we found our way to the police-station and entered the compound under a hail of stones. It was an eerie scene. The mob had put out all the lights in the streets in the neighbourhood of the police-station, and they were making bonfires with hay, trying to set fire to tramcars. The "chokey" had been caught by fire. In the compound there were a few native police and some white sergeants. The compound was littered with chunks of stone. There were very little Indian boys of the quarter, loyal, and perhaps also fired with a spirit of adventure, who acted as unofficial scouts. They would creep out, worming their way on their stomachs, and report what the "enemy" was doing, and every now and again the "enemy" would rush towards the police-station and hurl stones. The courage of Congress always rises high after nightfall; the situation had become so ugly and threatening that the Deputy Commissioner of Police, who was present, ordered two men to go out with rifles and told them to stand ready to fire.

It was a bestial and horrible scene, the crowd groaning and shouting like hundreds of wild beasts. At the back of the compound some wives and young children of the sergeants, looking out of darkened rooms, not knowing from one moment to the other whether the station would be rushed,

stormed, and burned. Shots were fired, but the crowd only dispersed for a few minutes, and then returned even more menacing. All forces were quickly mobilized for a charge to clear the street.

Never shall I forget that night attack. My friend and I were in evening dress. It was about two in the morning and terribly hot. We had a choice of remaining in the compound, practically alone, or charging with the police. We charged.

Armed with rifles and lathis, our small force swept down the street as black as pitch ; in and out of winding lanes, pulling men out of doorways where they were trying to hide. Unfortunately, but naturally, in scenes of this kind the innocent and the guilty suffer equally ; it is impossible for it to be otherwise. Beggars in their nakedness, covered with nothing but filthy rags, sleeping beneath stone fountains, or stretched out like the dead in odd nooks and crannies, dashed out like so many frightened rats in a semi-dazed condition between sleep and wakefulness, to receive great cracks on the skull or across the back from lathis.

Up and down, in and out, round about ; streets that were wrapped in sleep suddenly awakened. Up and down they ran. My friend and I must have appeared fantastic figures to the Indians : our dress shirts and collars, once beautifully starched, but now soft and limp with perspiration ; our hair

dishevelled, our faces covered with dirt, our patent-leather shoes cut and torn by the cobbles.

What a night! The official figures say that one person was killed and twelve dangerously wounded by rifle fire, in addition to which a hundred were injured by lathi charges.

CHAPTER VIII

BOMBAY NIGHTS

BOMBAY after sunset is a very curious place. Except for a little life in the Taj Mahal Hotel, the European section of Bombay is as quiet and peaceful as an English cathedral city. The cinemas are not very well patronized, and nowadays there is not a single theatrical performance in Bombay. Gone are the days when English musical comedy companies toured India. Even the magnificent clubs after dinner are as quiet as the tomb.

Stretched out like white-shrouded corpses, the Indians sleep the night through. The pavement is their only bed. Those higher in the social scale stretch their beds out beneath the arches, the bed being a piece of canvas nailed to four low blocks of wood. Even in what is known in Bombay as the "cold weather season", when the nights are wonderfully warm, thousands and thousands of Indians sleep out. But when the monsoon comes—that is to say, about the middle of June, when it rains continuously for weeks and weeks—then the sleepers are driven from the streets, and they have to crawl into the doorways and beneath the arches

in order to slumber. There is, however, just one spot in the Fort area, which, as I have explained, is the European district of Bombay, where there is an Indian version of a night club. The Chester Club is what it calls itself, and the sum of 1s. 6d. makes one a member for the night. Once upon a time the building which houses the club was a first-class hotel, but that must have been a very long time ago. Now the vast lobby of this ex-hotel is in the daytime an auction room, but about eleven p.m. a jazz band comes in and sits on a platform in a corner of this tessellated hall. Round the room are tables and chairs and a few sofas. The walls are decorated with coloured numbers of the London newspapers of the 'nineties: Baden-Powell, in his Mafeking uniform, looks with stern eyes at the Eurasian jazz band; Sir Redvers Buller appears to be shocked at the orgies that are being staged below him. On one side of the room are archways labelled variously, "Coffee Room", "Billiard Room", but not for ages and ages has coffee been served or billiards been played. It is like a night club in hell. Men "off" ships, men of all nations, come to this club and drink the night hours away. Most of the women are Eurasians, and nearly all are women of advanced age. Up to the age of, say, twenty-two the Eurasians are as beautiful as any women in the world, but after that age the East ousts the West. The Oriental blood comes to the surface. Women who at twenty were slim and graceful become billowy masses of flesh, and these

The dull boom-boom of the tom-toms at the end of a street call attention to the quarter of the Singing Girls. Men who have been lucky in the daytime at the game of Ecky Becky, a complicated form of gambling on the Cotton Exchange, patronize the Singing Girls. Here I must digress for a moment and explain that hundreds of thousands of Indians in Bombay live only on gambling. Ecky Becky, which roughly means odds or evens, is the favourite form of gambling, but it is at the same time a source of income both to those who take the odds and to those who give them. These people, who would not recognize a bale of cotton if they met one in the street, obtain their livelihood buying or selling, or, as I have said, by gambling on the figures in the published lists on clearances on the Cotton Exchange. So to the winners the spoils, which they take with them to Grant Road.

The wail of the Singing Girls in India has a very close affinity with the similar wail of the Spanish singers in the low-class cafés of Barcelona and other big cities of Spain. It has no doubt the musical note of the East, which swept through North Africa and went to Spain with the Moors, and stayed.

At the end of a street is a curious wooden structure, rather like a pagoda. The balconies are painted in bright colours, and as one approaches the buildings there is a twittering sound coming from it, very much like what one hears in an aviary. When one looks up from the street one finds that on every balcony of this pagoda there are Japanese girls and Chinese girls whose talking makes the twittering.

CHAPTER IX

A MORNING IN A POLICE COURT

WHEN Mr. Gandhi started his spectacular march to the sea to make salt and so break the law, many people all over the world thought that this act of civil disobedience was a great step towards sweeping the British Raj out of India. But there is nothing that kills so effectively as ridicule. A few days after Mr. Gandhi had reached the sea, where he and his disciples had boiled some sea water, a few thousand miles away Mr. Raymond Duncan, the comic brother of the late Isadora Duncan, walked along Broadway, New York, and boiled sea water off Battery Point. Mr. Duncan was not consciously ridiculing that naked fakir, Mr. Gandhi, but, ever wishing to be in the limelight, Mr. Duncan informed the New York reporters that his march along Broadway was intended to be an act of symbolic sympathy with the ideals of the Indian seditionist. Nevertheless, the pictorial display in the newspapers, showing Mr. Duncan in his Grecian robes and carrying a child's seaside bucket, made the world smile, so Mr. Gandhi, who very soon afterwards went to prison, could quite conscientiously say, "Save me from my friends."

While Mr. Gandhi sat in his comfortable prison quarters—three rooms and a verandah—the British Raj in India continued to fight Congress while Congress made fitful attempts to make salt in defiance of the law. Not that making salt has any sort of commercial value ; it is just intended as a spectacular means of showing how Congress defies the law. This is a typical instance of how it is done. Early one morning, about eight o'clock, I was in the Banat Bazaar, which is the rice and grain market of Bombay. There appeared a small procession of white-clad figures. A man aged about twenty-five, one of the many so-called dictators of the Congress movement, crouched in a circle formed by his supporters, mostly youths.

There were two small terra-cotta pots full of sea water, a small brazier, a tin pan containing charcoal and coal, and a long metal spoon.

The "dictator" now lit the brazier, but before the ceremony went further, native police, with lathis in their hands, came running from a nearby police-station, while the crowd of about four hundred supporters cheered the Gandhists. The police, without the slightest difficulty, arrested the "dictator" and thirteen disciples, and, with the salt-law-breaking paraphernalia, marched them away to the police-station.

Later in the morning I went to the local magistrate's court, where the salt-making gentleman and a few young picketers were coming up for summary justice.

The court was small, but lofty, and pigeons, wheeling round and round, were alighting on the chandeliers. The magistrate, an Indian, sat at a

desk on a high raised platform. Seated round a long table below the platform were a number of Indian barristers who mingled with the native reporters of Congress newspapers. There were so many prisoners coming up for trial that not only was the court-room packed with them, but there were still numbers of them waiting on the large verandah outside the court. A group of women prisoners sat together on a bench against the wall. Though there were hundreds of prisoners there were very few police in charge of them, and, if the prisoners had wished, they could most easily have overpowered the guard and broken loose, but they seemed quite happy and contented, the reason being that, having done their job and having been paid for it, and having earned from Congress more money than would have come to them by honest labours, they would now go in a place where they would be lodged and fed ; and, as Kipling says somewhere in *Kim*, "The Government feeds its prisoners better than most honest men in India could feed themselves."

This morning it was a sort of marathon race of justice ; the prisoners were sentenced at the rate of about one per minute. With old-world courtesy the women prisoners were judged first. A policeman would go into the witness-box on the left-hand side of the magistrate and state a case, and the magistrate would ask the prisoner if she or he had anything to say, but the majority of them refused to plead. Those who were proved to be leaders received heavy sentences, that is to say, about six months'

imprisonment, but the dupes of Congress received short sentences, varying from one to three months. Batches of prisoners marched out of court and entered an Indian version of a "Black Maria", and were taken away to the Arthur Road prison, where in February 1932 there were 750 men and 80 women prisoners serving sentences varying from six months to two years. Congress newspapers constantly spread false information concerning the political prisoners in India, and they state that the Bombay jail is overcrowded. When, at the height of the agitation, I paid an unannounced visit to the Arthur Road prison, I found that the jail was full, so full, indeed, that one of the "chawls" (an Indian tenement house) had been transformed into a jail for non-political prisoners. In the Arthur Road prison the pampering of the political prisoners amazed me.

The rabble from the bazaars, who are paid sixpence a day by Congress to stone the police and generally create disturbance, live, while in a state of freedom, on the starvation line, sleeping by hundreds in the streets and eating a handful of rice daily. In the jail they sleep in dormitories, forty-five in each. Each man is provided with a vegetable-fibre mat and a big thick blanket.

The dormitories are eighty feet long, sixteen feet wide and twenty feet high. Prisoners whose religious beliefs—or non-beliefs—allow them to eat meat receive eight ounces of mutton four times a week, and four ounces three times a week, besides dried and fresh vegetables, potatoes, onions,

extra allowance of rice, sugar, tea, milk, a loaf of wheat bread daily, and condiments.

Nearly all the prisoners put on weight while in prison. Anyone who happens to lose weight is prescribed an extra food allowance by the doctors. The vegetarians get extra allowances of other foods in place of meat.

Men and women prisoners of education are each given a separate cell. On the whole, the conditions in this prison, which is the only prison in Bombay where political offenders are lodged, are very superior to those in the workhouses in England. Solitary confinement has been abolished, and prisoners who can read are allowed four books a week from the prison library.

It is, therefore, not difficult to understand why so many Indians not only do not mind going to prison, but, indeed, welcome it. Fourpence or sixpence a day for throwing stones, and then a nice comfortable dormitory, cleanliness such as they have never known, good food and plenty of it.

No wonder, then, that the prisons of India are overcrowded ; no wonder that the British authorities cannot find enough accommodation for the thousands and thousands of political offenders arrested all over this great sub-continent.

Not until the Government ceases to feed its prisoners better than most honest men in India could feed themselves will the police-courts in these big cities cease to be overworked and the jails cease to be overcrowded.

CHAPTER X

CASTES AND OUTCASTS

CASTES and outcasts ; Anglo-Indians who are neither Anglo nor Indian ; Untouchables who are both native and European. Tragic, haunted figures in the cavalcade of India.

The question of castes goes right to the root of all the troubles of India ; it bars progress ; it provides one of the most dangerous weapons for Congress ; it causes misery and distress ; the ramifications of castes spread in every direction throughout the Indian Empire. It causes hundreds and hundreds of deaths every year ; it prevents the pacification of the country. It is a question so vast that, really to do justice to the matter, it would require, not a chapter in a book, but a book in itself. Yet even the Simon Report devotes a scant eight pages to this vital question. The usual habit of a writer on India is to dismiss the question of caste with a metaphoric shrug of the shoulders and a sentence which means in effect, "There is nothing we can do about it."

With this point of view I do not agree. So long as the question of caste is a purely Indian

it is not the business of the British Raj to interfere, but when Hindus and Moslems are at one another's throats, the British authorities must intervene and try to prevent further bloodshed. Moreover, when Congress uses caste as a weapon in this almost silent war between Congress and Great Britain, then in self-protection the British authorities, Army, Police, and Civil Service, must combat caste where it encroaches.

The actual origin of the castes goes back to roughly 2,000 B.C. It has been described as the "foundation of the Indian social fabric", and probably, so far as the Hindu society is concerned, this statement is true. The Hindu must belong to the caste in which he was born, and from the time of his birth to the moment when his dead body is burnt on his funeral pyre he inevitably remains in the caste into which he was born. No matter if he has acquired wealth, no matter if his intelligence has raised him in rank, nothing matters. He must remain within his caste ; he is caste-bound.

It has quite rightly been said that very few Indians can keep their caste a secret. If he remains on the land every neighbour knows his neighbour's caste, and eventually, even in the cities, one's caste becomes known. This is very largely because the rule of caste is a corporation within which the member earns his livelihood. There are, of course, many exceptions. Every priest in the Hindu religion is a Brahman, but every Brahman is not necessarily a priest. Mr. Gandhi, for example, is a

Brahman of the Bunnia, which means the shop-keeping caste. Yet Mr. Gandhi, when questioned concerning the millions of so-called Untouchables, said, "They are the bone of my bone and the flesh of my flesh." This remark of Mr. Gandhi's sounds very saintly. Yet when one examines it closely it is as meaningless as most of Mr. Gandhi's remarks are when he is asked to deal with concrete matters.

The Brahmans have placed themselves at the head of Hindu society. They have assumed a godly origin, which places them above the law and which allows them to change their vocation and follow other callings which the Hindus of the non-Brahman caste may not do.

The priests have graded themselves into sub-castes, and have, by reason of caste and of the high rank they have assumed, managed to bore their way into both the Bench and Bar, as well as into other intellectual circles, such as the teaching profession. This has been done purely by reason of caste, and to the practical exclusion of all other castes. It has been estimated that one in every fifteen of the population of India is engaged in some form or other of Brahman priestcraft: priests properly speaking, fakirs, temple servants, holy beggars, dancers of the temple, astrologers, and musicians.

Again, Brahminism includes the religion of "usury", to which the sub-castes of the money-lenders belong. This caste has its own gods. moneylenders of India, as I shall show, are

the very greatest curses of the country. They feed fat on the ignorance of the peasants.

In the Indian Army and in the police force the question of caste, although strictly observed, does not cause any friction whatsoever, but the question is always there, and as long as it is there it remains a potential danger.

The conception of caste was probably nothing very much more than the splitting up into three sections of the Indian life under the headings of the priest, the soldier, and the artisan. From these three roots have spread hundreds and hundreds of small and large growths which are strangling India. Caste must be taken into account as one of the chief factors when trying to draft a new constitution for India. As far back as in 1919 the subdivisions of Hindu society due to caste made it necessary to make special provisions for certain sections when the Electoral Bill was drafted. In the Presidency of Madras, for instance, fear of Brahman domination was so great that, although they constituted less than a million and a half out of a total Hindu population of some thirty-seven and a half millions, no fewer than twenty-eight seats had to be reserved for Hindus not members of the Brahman caste. What was true in 1919 is still true to-day. The Brahmans are the parasites of India—bloodsucking on the land in the form of moneylenders, boring into the social fabric of India and eating it away so that only the British Raj can prevent it crumbling into dust.

Although the beginning of the caste system is obscure, there is considerable ground for believing that the origin of the word caste was "colour". From that it is inferred that the movement began when members of the Aryan race, which began to move into India, and whose people were fair in complexion, tried to set up barricades of a social nature to prevent the encroachment of the darker-skinned people who were already in India. The Indian priests, undoubtedly the leaders of the Indian people, established themselves in a separate sect, and eventually this gave them the great influence in Indian society which they hold to-day. Of course, the Hindus themselves acknowledge the fact that the Brahmans are their leaders and offer no resistance whatsoever to their domination, and it is perfectly true, as the Simon Report points out, how amazing is the fact that rather fewer than eight million Brahmans have managed, despite their small minority, to establish such a hold on India.

Although the Brahmans, as a caste, have penetrated chiefly into the intellectual circles of Indian life and, unlike the Sikhs, have never found fame as warriors, there is, nevertheless, a Brahman regiment in the Indian Army. The Brahmans have also a certain renown as cooks, and in the western parts of India, and particularly on the coast, there are Brahmans who are merchants in a small way.

Between the pinnacle of caste, which is the Brahman caste, and the lowest caste, which is !

variously as the "depressed classes" or the "Untouchables", there are very many intermediate stages of caste which are for the most part purely artificial. In the olden days the majority of the Hindu rulers belonged to the warrior caste, and then there was the Vaishya caste, to which merchants and small farmers belonged. These three castes of warriors, traders, and agriculturists were regarded as being holy; they belonged to the Twice Born and wore the Sacred Thread. The remainder of the Hindus had to serve, not as serfs, but as menials to the Twice Born. That gave in all only four castes, but eventually, through evolution and disruption, there came to be no fewer than 2,300 officially recognized castes, but even this figure by no means comprises all the castes of India, because even among the Untouchables these subsections continue to exist, so that the Outcasts themselves have castes.

Perhaps the best thing, or the only good thing, that can be said about the caste system in India is that it gives employment to hundreds of thousands of people who, if there were no castes at all, would have no jobs whatsoever.

Except as children's nurses Indian women are not employed in any branch of domestic service. There is not a single hotel in the whole of India which employs a woman servant. On the other hand, quite small European households in India employ from seven to ten servants. Not only Europeans, but Indians themselves have to employ many servants in order to carry on the ordinary

amount of household work which is typical of India.

Take, for instance, an Englishman and his wife and one small child in an Indian city. A family in ordinary well-to-do circumstances will take an *ayah* for the child, a chauffeur, a washerman, a cook, a butler, and two sweepers. Seven servants for a household of three, one member of which is a baby ! Compared with European standards such a number appears to be luxurious, but in India it is a question of strict necessity. Caste makes it so. There are innumerable difficulties and inconveniences to be overcome even with seven servants. The cook may not be able, owing to his caste, to fry the breakfast bacon, whilst another may not cook eggs, and the third may not handle fowl.

The lowest of all are the Untouchables, the sweepers. Except in the bigger cities of India, and even then in only part of the European quarters, modern sanitation is unknown. Climatic conditions, it will be understood, necessitate the greatest possible attention to cleanliness. The cleaning of the water-closets must be undertaken by the sweepers, who belong to the Untouchable class. These matters in India are of the highest possible importance, because disease rides swiftly, and Death travels amazingly fast. It is quite a common thing in India for a man or woman to be perfectly well in the morning, and to be dead and buried by nightfall. This may sound horrible ; it is not. In India it is strictly necessary.

Here, then, we have these millions of Untouchables as pawns in the game of chess which Mr. Gandhi is playing with the British Empire. Remember, please, the remark of Mahatma Gandhi which I have already quoted: "They [the Untouchables] are the bone of my bone, and the flesh of my flesh." Mr. Gandhi wishes the Untouchables to believe that he has their interests at heart; that he will raise them from their lowly status. These millions and millions of Untouchables waver between Hindu leadership and Moslem leadership. Should Mr. Gandhi win over the Untouchables, then the British cause in India I consider lost.

Why? If Mr. Gandhi is able to use his influence with the sweepers' class and make them boycott Europeans, then life for us in India will become immediately impossible. The women and children will have to be evacuated, and disease of the most horrible nature will drive us and other Europeans, if the sweeper boycott is applied to other Europeans, right out of India.

I anticipate that I shall be severely criticized for making such a statement, but what I write is known to the authorities, and it is a possibility which must be faced. While I believe that Liberalism, as represented by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, may be whittled to India in the working out of constitutional hands, I am nevertheless of the belief that only the policies of Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Curzon, the policy of realists—will keep us in India. Many services referred elsewhere to the use of caste as

a blackmailing weapon against Great Britain. The sweeper boycott is a potential weapon, but it has never been used by Congress, and I hope it never will be. In other directions caste is being used in the economic boycott all over India. Later on I shall relate how Congress is trying to force the Indian police into the ranks of the seditionists, but in the great Indian cities, such as Bombay and Calcutta, Indian merchants are being boycotted, with caste as the means of using the boycott.

One of the methods of attack is to watch the British banks and note the Indian merchants and traders who deal there. Then they receive a warning from Congress that they must cease dealing with British banks. If the Indian merchant persists in disregarding the warning, the social thumbscrews are put on him. He becomes an outcast from his caste. Neither his sons nor his daughters can marry because they cannot marry outside their caste, and members of their caste are forbidden to marry with them. The unfortunate Indian merchant becomes a social pariah, that is, if he attempts to defy the law of caste, but very, very seldom indeed does this happen. Practically always, and certainly always within my own knowledge, does he haul down his flag and surrender at the first threat.

The bank loses another customer and Congress gains another victory. Those who believe that our methods in India are harsh may shrug their shoulders and say, "Well, what does it matter if a British bank in India does lose a customer?" Judged from

that point of view it probably does not matter, but every Indian customer lost to a British bank means a corresponding loss of trade in other branches of commerce, and eventually a general lowering of economic standards. Yes, I can hear my critics saying, but the Indian will trade with an Indian bank. Very possibly that is so: no doubt he will trade with an Indian bank. But, my dear sir, have you ever seen an Indian bank?

That, however, must remain for another story.

CHAPTER XI

THE REAL UNTOUCHABLES

ONE of the greatest problems of India, intimately connected with the question of caste, although not in itself a caste question strictly speaking, is the status of the Anglo-Indian. In Great Britain we use the term Anglo-Indian to mean an English person who has spent a considerable portion of his or her life in India. That is entirely wrong; an Anglo-Indian is a Eurasian, which means a child born of an Indian and a European parent.

Strange and somewhat tragic figures are these Anglo-Indians. They are the outcasts of the British, and, usually, the outcasts of the Indians themselves. I do not pretend to be a judge of this matter, but the consensus of opinion of these Europeans who have lived in the East is that a half black, half white, usually carries with him the worst traits of both races.

While India is in its present course of evolution towards constitutional changes, the Anglo-Indian community is undoubtedly suffering tremendously. Indian railways for many years have provided good situations for the Anglo-Indians, but the present trend of events is to push the Anglo-Indian out to

make way for the Indians. It will be readily understood that this procedure causes animosity between the Anglo-Indians and the Indians, and bad feeling between the Anglo-Indians and the British, because, quite naturally, the Anglo-Indians hold the British Raj responsible.

Some Anglo-Indians show so little trace of their Indian blood, "not more than an anna in the rupee", as they say in India, that they could practically be taken for Europeans. They speak, however, with a curious accent, and, except in the highest strata of the Anglo-Indian community, their knowledge of English is not impeccable.

The Anglo-Indian girl is very often extremely beautiful, and in many ways resembles the Parsee girl: regular features, beautiful carriage and figure, that is until about the age of twenty-two, but after that age the Orient begins to eclipse the Occident, and the beautiful girl disappears.

In India there are approximately 120,000 Anglo-Indians, the majority of whom are domiciled in British India. The figure is only approximate, because undoubtedly many Anglo-Indians have managed to get themselves classified as Europeans, while, on the other hand, there are a number of Indians converted to Christianity who have informed the census-takers that they are Anglo-Indians. In British India there must be about 100,000 of the Indian community. Apart from the railways one finds many Anglo-Indians holding administrative positions. The Anglo-Indians have

performed admirable work in developing India ever since the days of the East India Company, when there were many mixed marriages between the English servants of the Company and Indian women. Children of these marriages were sent home to be educated just as the purely English children, and the boys, when they returned to India, obtained posts very often on a level with the jobs originally held by their fathers. The Anglo-Indians are practically never to be found farming, and in the world of trade they have never been able to find a place for themselves.

Although there are many Anglo-Indians of wealth, the majority of the community are extremely poor, and this poverty weighs very heavily on them, much more so than on the Indian whose standard of life is low and who has not the slightest wish to have this standard raised. This is one of the facts that Congress will not recognize. The Anglo-Indian feels his poverty as a humiliation. He is surrounded by social bars, the bars which make him an outcast from the British community, as he is prevented from joining the clubs and associations to which his half-brothers, the British, belong, so he is just thrown back upon his own resources. Perhaps, fortunately, the Anglo-Indian community is not a large one, but if it were otherwise I feel that this community would be a very treasure-trove for Communism, and would form the spear-head of a revolutionary army.

It is not, however, because this Anglo-Indian

community is few in number that its claims for protection must be overlooked. The Montague-Chelmsford Committee twelve years ago demanded that the Government of the day should acknowledge and discharge their obligation to see that the interests of the Anglo-Indian community was not prejudicially affected by the reforms advocated.

The newer reforms, as advocated in the Simon Report, must necessarily be more economic than constitutional. The railways in India give employment to about 14,000 Anglo-Indians, while there are many employed in the post offices and in the Customs offices. For the past three years there has been a decrease because of the gradual Indianization, or, in other words, the beginning of the process of giving India back to the Indians, and to this factor must be added the decline in the scale of wages and also the constantly improving standard of education among the Indians, for which the British Raj has to be thanked. In other administrative departments there has also been a decline in the percentage of the number of Anglo-Indians employed. The Simon Report, it will be recalled, mentions that "the pressure for more powerful and numerous Indian communities is such that there is an increasing danger of Anglo-Indians being squeezed out". The Simon Report states that a rapid advance in Anglo-Indian education would be extremely helpful in improving the status of the Anglo-Indian, but with this I do not agree at all. At the risk of being very severely criticized I make

claim that intensive education has been one of the major curses of India. The universities are turning out graduates by the thousands, for whom there are no jobs whatsoever. It seems to me that, wholeheartedly rejected as the Anglo-Indians are by the British, there is nothing for them but to be included in the Indianization of India and to allow them to obtain their jobs in administrative circles in company with Indians.

The white population of India—invariably referred to as Europeans and not British, although the non-British element has a very small majority—numbers about 160,000 in British India. According to the 1921 census there were 45,000 white women in British India. The non-official designation of the three castes into which the European population is divided I have already mentioned: the “Heaven-born”, the “Services”, and the “Box Wallahs”. The official classification, according to the Simon Report, is: “First there are the men of business, who with their families are found in the principal shipping and trading centres and in their places of organized production. . . . Secondly come the British members of the various branches of the Civil Service. These are found in the All India Services, such as the Indian Civil Service, the Indian Police Service, or the Engineering Service; and again, there are numbers of Europeans engaged upon the railways.”

It will be seen from the above extract from the Simon Report that, in the opinion of the Commissioners, the men of business in India are

top of the basket. This does not correspond in the least little bit with how matters are regarded in India, both by Indians and Europeans. The business men themselves are divided into those who rank equally with the "Services" and with those who may be frankly entitled the "White Untouchables".

Although the number of British civilians in India is very small indeed, their influence, even in these stormy days, is incalculably great. I do not mean only as rulers or as members of the Services, but in commercial life it is impossible to visualize what would happen if British enterprise was withdrawn. Take Bombay as a paramount example. Most of the mills, although owned by Indians, are managed by Britishers. This applies to other parts of India as well, and particularly in Bengal, where the jute mills are not only British-owned, but are also managed by Britishers.

One of the points made by those who wish for a hasty change of the Indian constitution is that Mr. Gandhi, twelve years ago, made a great play with a pretended desire to abolish the "untouchability" of Indians. Members of Congress, but not Mr. Gandhi himself, have advocated a complete suppression of the caste system. I wonder how many people who have travelled in India really believe that Congress desires either to abolish the untouchability or to do away with the caste system?

The Indian Untouchables, apart from anything else, are barred from sending their children to schools attended by caste children, and they are

Hindus, one for the Moslems. The "Untouchables" cannot penetrate into either the one nor the other. Attempts have been made to try to prove that the lot of the Indian "Untouchables" is improving, but there is practically no evidence at all of this; it is true that since the war the question of the "Untouchables" has received greater attention, but when one remembers that the "Untouchables" number thirty per cent. of the Hindu population, and twenty per cent. of the whole population of India, one wonders if the question has received anything like the attention it deserves.

While we are attempting to handle caste questions in India, we must not forget that we are perfectly responsible for setting up a caste system of our own among our own people. I believe that what has happened was inevitable, but at the same time, when we argue with Indians concerning the foolishness and stupidity and dangers of many of their caste rules, the Indians always turn round on us and say it is the case of the pot calling the kettle black. Our caste rules are perhaps simpler, not nearly so complicated, but no less iron-bound than those of the Indians.

The "White Untouchables" of India are the Europeans engaged as shop assistants, clerks; those holding minor situations in newspaper and other offices, those who have "gone native", that is to say, those who consort with Indians or with Anglo-Indians. The greatest weapon the White Untouchables have to fear is the scandalmongering tongue,

for even in a great city like Bombay scandal travels as fast as in any small English village.

The White Untouchables feel their loss of caste before they have been very long in India. It is no good kicking against the pricks. The caste laws are rigid.

We may have a White Untouchable as our guest, and we need not destroy the food if his shadow falls across our steak, but woe is ours if we should commit the social error of inviting a White Untouchable to be our guest in a club for which he is not eligible as a member. The subsections of caste among the Europeans is remarkable: a bank manager, for instance, is a member of the *pukka* class; but a bank clerk is not. To come right down to it, if you live in a flat or an hotel you are pretty sure to be a *pukka sahib*, but if you live in a boarding-house, then sackcloth and ashes be your lot, for you are undoubtedly a White Untouchable.

There are some curious men, highly intelligent men, who "go native"; they vanish from the *pukka sahib* caste and live with and among the natives. Who can tell why? Nobody knows.

Then one must be very careful with whom one is seen in public. "You might as well undress in public as to be seen dancing with that Eurasian girl," I heard a man say with great solemnity in the Taj Mahal Hotel. The White Untouchables attend cocktail dances in the Taj Mahal Hotel, but their spiritual home is just across the garden, in another hotel which, curiously enough, belongs to the same management as the Taj Mahal. Although the White

Untouchables may come to the Taj Mahal Hotel, the *pukka sahibs* must not be seen eating, dancing, or drinking in the "Hotel across the Garden".

Saturday night is the high night in the "Hotel across the Garden". The band from the Taj Mahal plays for the White Untouchables on this night. The White Untouchables and their lady friends, the Eurasians, forgather, make a great noise and drink far too much. Then, when the band crashes out "God save the King", the White Untouchables go their diverse ways. Was it enjoyment or was it despair?

The little picture I have just drawn has its background in Bombay, but the White Untouchables are to be found in all the great cities of India. Take a city in Bengal. One of the most successful hotel-keepers there is an ex-ship's steward. He owes his rise in life to the fact that one night he got drunk, and his ship sailed without him; a lady who kept a brothel rather liked him and provided him with the funds to start in business for himself. That was many years ago, and the ex-ship's steward is, no doubt, prosperous to-day, but he is still a White Untouchable.

One evening, in the bar of a certain hotel, a friend and I wanted to shake dice for a drink. We said "dice" to the Indian bar attendant, so he brought us ice, and then we inquired if there was somebody who spoke English. The bar manager was produced. He wore a somewhat greasy dinner-jacket suit; and he was slightly inebriated. He had

a sort of kiss curl well oiled down in the middle of his forehead. Showing below his cuff, I noticed some tattooing on his wrist. One of Kipling's sergeants.

He was, indeed, an ex-sergeant of the Northumberland Fusiliers. He called us "sorr" all through the conversation.

"How long have you been in India, sergeant?"

"Thirty-five years, sorr."

"That's a long time, sergeant. Why the hell don't you go home?"

"Can't afford it, sorr."

"What d'you mean, you can't afford it? Can't you get the money for a passage home?"

"Got to pay for the boys' schooling, sorr."

"What school are they at, sergeant?"

"Manchester Grammar School, sorr."

That is a thundering lie, I thought to myself; you have not got two sons at Manchester Grammar School. So I thought I would try our sergeant out. The ex-headmaster of my own school was an ex-headmaster of Manchester Grammar School, Dr. Paton, and they named a street in Manchester after him: Paton Street. I substituted the name of another ex-headmaster of my old school, and said:

"Oh yes, that's the school whose headmaster had a street named after him, Eve Street."

"No, sorr: Paton Street."

What would you have done? Yes, I, too, bought him another *chota peg*, for he deserved it, don't you think?

CHAPTER XII

TRAVELLING IN INDIA

TRAVELLING in India allows one not only to see the country, but also to taste it. This is no exaggeration.

The Bombay, Baroda and Central Indian Railway is very properly proud of the Frontier Mail, which picks up passengers at Ballard Pier, Bombay, as they arrive from Europe, and carries them bang right up to Peshawar on the North-West Frontier.

The eyes sample India and so does the palate, and one becomes quite a connoisseur in the taste of Indian dust. A little influence and one has a coupé all to oneself—a large private toilet, which includes a handsome shower-bath; two electric fans: but the dust of India lies about a quarter of an inch thick on the floor. The eyes, mouth, nostrils, and ears are full of India.

Let us begin a journey together on this famous Frontier Mail. The journey, you will find, is not the simple expedition such as a run from King's Cross to Glasgow. First of all you must travel with a bearer, what the French call, more exquisitely, a *valet de pied*. Why, exactly, I have never known,

unless it is that he so often gets kicked out. The duty of the bearer is to make and unmake your bed. Bedding has to be provided by the traveller. Then the bearer waits in the carriage while the master takes his meals in the restaurant car : trains are non-corridor. The servant travels in a special coach reserved for the servants. Rail travel in India is cheap : a five-thousand-mile journey, first class for the master and third for the servant, costs about forty pounds.

There is no trouble at all about acquiring a servant, but acquiring a good servant is quite another matter. Men who have resided for a long time in India say that the Moslems make the best servants, and, having experimented myself, I fully concur with the consensus of opinion. The best way to establish contact with a bearer is either to go straight to one of the tourist agents, who keep lists of satisfactory bearers, or else have one recommended by some resident. The sooner this is done the better, for the newcomer to India is pestered from the moment he steps off the ship. For the first few days in the hotel there is a constant procession of would-be servants hanging about outside one's bedroom door. The cost of servants in India, like everything else all over the world, has gone up. A good bearer can command, for a temporary situation, about three shillings a day in the city in which he is hired, plus another rupee or one shilling and sixpence when he is travelling with his master.

Except for his railway fare or other

transport, the bearer has no further claim on his master. He will ask some money for clothing, and it is usual to give him ten or fifteen rupees for this purpose. For the rest he feeds and lodges himself—how and where is a mystery. A good Moslem servant on a pay of, say, three shillings and sixpence a day is always clean and well turned out, and is on duty at whatever hour he is told. He is a quick and neat packer, and I have never known one to forget anything. It is not necessary to regard one's bearer as a poor devil, because he is not. Most of the servants one hires in, say, Bombay, come down from the North to work during the cold-weather season, and then they return to their smallholdings. Practically all of the bearers are married and have large families, who live on the land, and out of the salary one pays one's servant he manages to save enough money to purchase, every now and again, another slice of land, and when they are not in the hands of the money-lenders they are fairly well-to-do and prosperous. Litigation over land questions often comes their way, and one finds them sufficiently supplied with funds, honestly acquired, to hire for themselves the services of perfectly good Indian barristers.

The servant problem having been settled, the next matter to deal with before starting on one's travels is that of bedding. There is a choice of buying a set of bedding at the cost of about three pounds fifteen shillings, or it may be hired from a tourist agent at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per day. The bedding is contained in a hold-all, and

one has a blanket, a couple of sheets, two pillow-cases, two towels, and some soap. Now we can be off.

The servant takes our luggage and disappears. Please do not be frightened. We shall find him standing outside our reserved coupé awaiting the young master, the bed made up for the night, the Thermos bottle of iced mineral water in its place, clean towels and so forth in the bathroom, bedroom slippers at the correct angle, and shaving tackle standing to attention.

We will dine now, I think, while the servant rides in the young master's carriage, keeping thieves at bay. Dinner is just one dish after another, and while travelling in India I was always hoping to meet a menu that did not feature roast lamb and mint sauce. Dinner is soup, fish, game or poultry, joint (roast lamb), curry of some sort, cold meats, salad (miss this), savoury, cheese, dessert, coffee.

Here for a moment I would like to digress on the question of food in India. I have eaten in many languages, and I am afraid that most of my earlier books have featured food. Elsewhere in this book I have tried to explain the mid-Victorian atmosphere of India, and the food is as period as the furniture, and no doubt the two combined form one of the closest links with home. When I tell people in England of the heavy eating done by the Europeans in India, their faces register amazement; they wonder how it is possible to eat so much food in a climate which, for the most part, is tropical. I

do not know the answer to this question ; I only know the fact. One is served vast quantities of food, and, upon my soul, one eats it, or a great deal of it, very likely a great deal too much. I put on eleven pounds in weight during four months. May I place upon record that I removed the surplus *avoir-dupois* very soon after my return home ?

But, seriously speaking, one faces the dawn with *chota hazri*, which is brought by the bearer to the bedside and consists of a pot of tea, a small banana, two biscuits, and a little marmalade. That sustains life until about nine a.m., when one meets breakfast, which opens with porridge and continues with fish to bacon and eggs. The *pièce de résistance* of breakfast in all hotels and most clubs is steak and onions. Then, of course, the usual preserves.

The second bout with food begins about one-thirty p.m., after one or two gimlets. Lunch, is a little soup, and then for the rest it is a replica of dinner, and the dinner menu in the dining-car is practically the same as one finds in the clubs. It is no wonder, then, that one's liver in India becomes a topic of conversation.

Elsewhere in this book I have dwelt on the fact that curry in India is a disappointment. I am not prepared to say whether the curry one eats in London is "better" than the curry one eats in India. All I can say is that the hot, burning curry which we carry to our mouths with a fork in London is unknown in India. In India a curry dish is surmounted by the rice, beautifully boiled, and each

grain separate from its companion. One takes spoonfuls of rice on one's plate. Then comes the curry proper, so let us pretend it is curry of mutton. The meat, cut into small cubes and covered with a yellowish sauce, will be in the round circular section of a big silver dish, and in the smaller compartments will be dried raisins, shredded cocoanut, mango chutney, and several other things whose names I have never been able to discover. One places the meat in the middle of the rice, then one helps oneself to as many of the etceteras as one desires, and finally one takes a piece of Bombay duck, which is not duck and which has not necessarily come from Bombay, but which is a kind of crumbly biscuit which one crunches up and mixes with the food on one's plate. Then one takes a *spoon* and mixes everything up together. Then one eats one's curry *with a spoon* and not with a fork as one does in the Occident. Please imagine I have been telling you all this over a glass of port in the restaurant car, for the port-drinking after dinner is yet another of our mid-Victorian habits in India.

At the first stop after dinner we return to our coupé. The servant leaves us and we go to bed. Every window is thrice protected : a glass window, a wire mosquito screen, and a Venetian blind. One, two, three, or none can be in action simultaneously, but you cannot fool the dust.

Day and night the train rolls on through British India, through native India, and back again into British India. Approaching nearer the North one

comes almost for the first time into contact with the British Army ; in the South one sees little or none of it. In wayside stations one may find a wan-faced private prone on a stretcher, shivering with fever. Indians come down to the train to greet Indians ; every station is a great centre of animation. The arrival of the Frontier Mail every day is an event.

On and on, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of miles. You find the mouth filled with grit, the eyes irritated, the face and the hands covered with a pale whitish substance. Wash, and wash again, crunch your way across the gritty floor and have a shower-bath, but not many minutes pass before you will be tasting India once more.

We awake, looking something between a miller and a sweep, and the bearer brings *chota hazri*. The young master takes tea and buttered toast, and then he gets up and has his nineteenth wash in the third series. Then the bearer dresses him (fact, madam) and he alights on the platform, while a sweeper comes into the carriage at nearly every stopping-place and puts back part of India. When we reach our destination, whether it be Lahore, Delhi, or Peshawar, we can shake part of the dust of India from our feet, but it requires half a dozen Turkish baths and the garden hose to remove the rest.

CHAPTER XIII

LANGUAGE COMPLICATIONS

THE Simon Report dismisses the language question of India in less than a page, but the very fact that it remarks that "a man who wished to make himself generally understood throughout India would have to be master of as many separate tongues as a linguist who was prepared to accomplish the same achievement throughout Europe" shows quite well that the language question in India remains one of the greatest difficulties barring the way to federation. The Simon Report, I think, makes the great mistake of laying too much stress upon the value of English as a means of communication in India. I believe that if members of the Simon Commission had roamed freely about the country, they would have been amazed how of comparatively little value, except for official purposes, is the knowledge of English. I should like, for instance, to have seen a member of the Simon Commission trying to talk English to a Sikh taxi-driver in Calcutta. But that is by the way. Sufficient it is, I think, to quote the last census taken in India, which shows that only two and a half million persons—16 in

males, and two in every 1,000 females—were acquainted with English. Two and a half million persons understanding English in a population of, say, roughly 360,000,000, is not very helpful.

The multiplicity of languages in India is the natural sequence of races, religions, and castes. To the ordinary visitor, the language complications present very little difficulty, because very seldom, or comparatively seldom, will the visitor be far removed from an English-speaking person. The European who is settled in India usually learns Hindustani, sometimes perfectly, sometimes imperfectly. The English soldiers stationed in India speak a Hindustanti jargon of their own known as "bat", and which is really a sort of bazaar dialect. The Army officers and prominent officials make a point of learning several Indian languages. The Government of India, very wisely, offers students rewards for passing in languages, especially the more difficult ones used on the various frontiers. There are higher and lower standards and degrees of honour for those who become exceptionally proficient.

There are no fewer than 222 groups of languages in India, of which seven are absolutely and entirely different one from the other. These groups are called Mon-Khmer; Munda; Tibeto-Chinese; Dravidian; Karen; Indo-European-Aryan; and the unclassified group.

The first group has ten off-branches, the second seven, the third one hundred and forty-five, the fourth fourteen, the fifth fifteen, the sixth twenty-

five, and the unclassified group is divided up into six subsections, so that these seven groups are responsible for all the languages of India. The principal language of India is Hindustani, which belongs to the sixth group, and which will serve the ordinary man quite well if he has a working knowledge of it. It is only necessary to have an oral knowledge. There are two kinds of Hindustani: Hindi, the language of the Hindus in India proper—it is a pure Aryan coming from the Sanskrit; the second is Urdu, a mixture of Hindi and Persian, and it is the language of the Moslem population in India proper. For ordinary and oral purposes these two Hindustanis are the same, except that the Urdu Hindustani has different names for certain articles and actions. Hindi Hindustani is written in Hindi characters from left to right, Urdu Hindustani is written in the Arabic character from right to left. Urdu Hindustani, strange to say, is the official language and is used in the Courts. Hindustani, in one or the other of these forms, is spoken and used by approximately 234,000,000 people. In fact, if one draws a circle in India embracing all the centre, such as the Central Provinces, United Provinces, the upper portion of South India and Rajputana, it would give a fair idea of the home of Hindustani, although even here many other minor languages will be found mixed up with it. Now if we travel round the circle, starting right down in South India, down below Madras we find the chief family language is Dravidian; then comes Tamil, Telugu.

and Malay. Alam-Tamil is the more generally used of this group. Most of these groups of languages are undoubtedly brought from outside, just as their names imply. Round about Travencari are the Moplahs, or Mappillas and Labbys, two fanatical races of Moslems descended from Arab traders. These languages are extremely difficult for any European to acquire. On the West Coast of India is Goa, where they speak a mixture which is half Hindi and half Portuguese, and which is known as Goanese. Incidentally, the Goanese native is a fine type, and very trustworthy.

In the Province of Bombay there is a mixture of several languages. First of all, we find that the Canarese stretches from Madras in the part of the Deccan. There is the headquarters of the Parsees in India, who brought their language with them from Persia and mixed it up with Gujeratti. The Marahatta territory starts here with its own language, Marahti. Then again, Bombay extends into Sind, where Sindi is spoken. The Borahs (no connection with the American Senator) and Kahojas, Moham-medan fishing tribes, again have their own special language. So that here in a province of British India you find at least half a dozen languages spoken irrespective of each other.

Away across the border from Sukhur, through the Bolan Pass, at Quetta and all Baluchistan, the Baluch speaks his Baluchi, which is a mixture of Afghan with Arabic.

Across on the North-West Frontier there are the

various tribes referred to collectively as Pathans, with their rather sweet Pustho language ; it is a mixture of Persian, Arabic, and Urdu, but written in the Arabic character. It is a compulsory language for a number of British officials on special duties.

Farther away again, in beautiful Kashmir, there is another new language ; and yet another is spoken by the Hazaris.

Coming back to India, we cross the Punjab. There are several variations of Punjabi, which is the chief language spoken throughout the Province. Punjabi is the language of the Sikhs written in a kind of Hindi character. This language is called sometimes Punjabi and sometimes Gurumukhi, which is also used by the Mohammedans of the Punjab, but they use the Urdu or Arabic character of writing.

Throughout Bengal, Bengali is the language, which is written like Hindi, but with certain variations. The Moslems in Bengal are like others of their class and do not use the Urdu character.

In 'Orrisa we get Oryia, which is spoken in certain parts of Madras ; in the tea districts of Assam, Assamese ; in Burma, Burmese ; with many variations of hill-tribe languages.

Then there are the Gurkhas, who speak Nepalese ; Tibetan, brought across the border from Tibet and spoken around Darjeeling.

The Tibeto-Chinese family group, as I have said, counts for no fewer than forty-five distinct languages out of the 222 which are credited to

India and Burma, so that India itself really has no more than seventy-seven languages. But whether India has 222 languages for itself, or only seventy-seven, it matters not very much, because the whole of Europe, even after the Elder Statesmen of Versailles had redrawn the map of Europe and, according to the late President Wilson, made the world safe for democracy, even then there are not so many languages spoken in Europe as there are in India. Yet with a knowledge of one, if it is a good one like English or French or German, one can travel the length and breadth of Europe and see and understand so long as one leaves prejudices behind.

And so it is in India.

CHAPTER XIV

VILLAGE LIFE

THE real life of India is not in the cities ; it is in the homes of the ordinary people ; it is in the villages. The splendour of the palaces of the native princes is one side of the picture, but the overwhelming majority of the people of India live almost on the borderline of starvation, dwelling on the land which does no more than satisfy the wants of the teeming millions. Once upon a time when the rains failed crops went wrong and there was starvation and famine which killed men, women, and children by the hundreds of thousands. Now, thanks to the British Raj, the famine is a thing of the past ; the rains may fail, but the great irrigation works carried out by British engineers brings relief to the parched lands of India. We have been blamed for many things. We are, perhaps, to blame for a great deal, but who is there to give us credit for what we have done ? We have driven famine out through the skill of our engineers ; we are stamping out the plague through the hygienic measures we have imposed on the ignorant peasants : but in willing the good we may have achieved the evil. There

is no doubt that these twin horrors, famine and plague, kept the native population of India within certain limits. Now what has happened? If the population increases at a rate similar to the speed at which it has progressed during the last ten years, then within the next sixty years the population of India will have practically doubled itself, and then neither Congress nor the British Raj, nor both combined, can possibly look forward to the solution of the gigantic problem which this increase in population will produce.

Let us go together to visit an Indian village which, although it may change in outline according to the district of this vast country in which we find ourselves, yet will in any case be nothing more than a collection of small huts with walls of clay and thatched roofs. The *ryots*—the peasants—go out from their huts into the fields as soon as day breaks. Their implements of labour are primitive: the ploughs to which the bullocks are hitched are of wood and are so light that they merely scratch the surface of the soil. The furrows are very shallow indeed, and into these furrows the grain is sown. A simple hoe and rake and a wooden plough are all the peasant knows. They served the *ryot's* forefathers just as they serve him to-day. The British authorities are setting up collective farms, but in dealing with the ignorant peasantry progress is necessarily slow.

While the men till, the women go to the wells for water. I have already explained how there

have to be several places for drawing water because of the caste laws. In every Hindu village there is a temple, and every morning the women bring offerings of fruit and flowers, which they place before the stone god. Then they return to the little compound which surrounds each hut, and over a charcoal fire prepare a meal for the husbandman's return from the fields. When the *ryot* is a little better off than his fellows he will have fruit trees in his compound. But so poor are the majority that, despite their hard work day in, day out, they do little more than keep body and soul together.

Sometimes one finds a priest sitting in what is known as "*dharna*" outside a villager's door. This is a sign that one villager has quarrelled with another, but, instead of suing him, he hires a priest to sit outside his enemy's door, and the priest will sit motionless, taking neither food nor drink, and there he remains until the person against whom he has been sent gives satisfaction. This is, of course, a form of blackmail, and it is yet another of the perquisites of the Brahman caste. In this case the priest acts as a sort of bailiff, as we should say in the West, except that he does not seize the goods of a person who owes money to his temporary employer. It should be remarked that the priest never does actually starve himself to death—it would be a sin on the head of the householder if such a thing should happen; so, eventually, arrangements are always made before the priest is more than a little hungry.

Very often the house before which a priest is performing a *dharna* is the house of the village moneylender. Every village has a moneylender. The moneylender is the most powerful man in the village. In fact, in many ways the moneylender as an individual is the most powerful man in India. The moneylenders have sub-castes of their own, and, counted as a caste, they are, in the sense of power, as powerful as any. The power of the moneylender is so great that it is necessary to explain his place in Indian life, because, were it possible to remove the moneylender, one would do away with the greatest curse there is in India.

Among the natives themselves, especially among the menial and *ryot* classes, the majority are in debt before they are born. The debts are handed down from generation to generation ; many of those in regularly paid employment take the whole of their wages—often not more than ten rupees a month (fifteen shillings)—as soon as received to the *bunnia*, the moneylender, who pockets the lot and deals out to the unfortunate ones just sufficient rice, etc., to keep them alive until next pay-day. It is a curious state of things, and many of these poor devils, bled to death by the moneylenders, are classed as land-owners. They are men who have gone from the land to the city and then back again to the village, and during their absence there was some member of the family keeping the land going. A great number of those staying in the villages have jobs in the cities, but come back to the land for a holiday, and

assist in gathering the crops, which have often been mortgaged for years ahead.

The moneylender reaches out from the village even as far as Europe, or perhaps America, for many of the students who go overseas are the sons of comparatively poor people, who have received a free university education, while their relatives till the soil, on which they raise mortgages at an exorbitant rate of interest, often not less than one anna per rupee per month, until the time when the young student makes good and, perhaps, eventually obtains a situation which after many years enables him to pay off the staggering debt which has crippled his family for maybe several generations.

Unfortunately, however, the educational machine turns out graduates from the universities at a speed which keeps the supply of jobs several jumps ahead of the demand, so there is less chance of a student obtaining a good post, and therefore the family remains in pledge to the *bunnia* for evermore.

The system is a complex, because the moneylender, who has been plying his trade since the earliest times, is part and parcel of the village life. Speaking generally, the *ryot* is always in debt; he is careless, thinks very little of the future, and is used to living in a hand-to-mouth manner. He will borrow money to pay for his food or to pay for his rent, and will mortgage his crop to the moneylender at a price which the moneylender fixes. It may be thought that the British authorities could deal with the situation. Were it only a qu

of preventing the selling of crops at ruinous prices, or even the mortgaging of them at too high a rate of interest, it would be a comparatively simple matter, but the *ryot* borrows money for other purposes.

Family life in the village is the crux of the question. Money must be found whenever there is a wedding, and in nine cases out of ten, the *ryot* having no money, the *bunnia* has to find it. Even in the cases of the more well-to-do, and where there is money in the family, they require more money, because even the poorest of the poor must have an extravagant wedding, and the better off the villager, the more extravagant the ceremony, and in each and every case there are caste demands which must be met.

When a girl marries, a dowry of some kind must be found, for the parents cannot get the girl a husband without payment to the bridegroom's parents. Even in the case of the very poorest, where the total monthly wages of a whole family will be perhaps twenty-five shillings, the dowry will be thought of in terms of thousands of rupees. Then the wedding expenses are high : there must always be a band, there must always be carriages, and there must always be fireworks ; and on the band, on the carriages, and on the fireworks the *bunnia* makes a profit. He gets a security on the land, on the crops, and on any family possessions, such as gold trinkets, ankle-rings, nose-rings and gold bracelets. It is a curious thing, and perhaps rather remarkable philosophy, that while the very rich and the very poor

Hindus will pledge their lives and the lives of their children "even unto the third or fourth generation" for a wedding, for the hire of a band, of wedding carriages, and for a display of fireworks, yet when it is a question of death, the rich or poor Hindu is merely carried to a funeral pyre and his body reduced to ashes and cinders by the flames.

Another important personage in Indian life is the *baid*, or doctor. He has a variegated collection of roots and herbs and seeds in his compound, and reads an erudite-looking book, and endeavours to look very learned, and if his patient should happen to get cured by the roots and herbs, the *baid* gets the credit, but if the patient dies, as he usually does, the *baid* will turn up his eyeballs and speak of the Fate which overtakes all of us eventually.

The village barber has a dual rôle; he goes about the streets, squatting beside his customers and shaving them in public. I might also say that he has a triple rôle, because it is the barber who drills holes in the ears and noses of little girls for the ear-rings and nose-rings. It is a curious sight to watch the village barber at work. He does not use soap; he dips his fingers into the water in a little brass cup, wipes his fingers over the chin of his customer, and then, with a deft hand, shaves. But the third rôle of the barber is certainly the most romantic one. He is the matchmaker of the village. Going from house to house as he does, he picks up all the gossip. He knows what family has a girl to marry, and what amount of dowry the

are prepared to offer. He may be the matchmaker between a local girl and an Indian student who is now in London, or he may be the go-between in a girl-and-boy marriage, and the little boy goes back to the village school, and the girl goes back to her toys. The barber's functions do not end when he has brought about a successful marriage ; he and his wife, both of whom belong to the barber caste, are two of the busiest people when a marriage is about to take place. Having arranged the marriage, the barber goes about among the villagers issuing invitations to the feast. Then, when the actual day of the wedding dawns, the barber goes to the house of the bridegroom and dresses him. At the wedding feast itself the barber is a sort of major-domo ; he hands around the plates and little cakes and the betel nuts for chewing purposes, and it is also his duty to prepare the water-pipes for smoking. Finally he will distribute the remains of the feast among the beggars.

The barber's wife has free admittance to the women who live in Purdah, and she prepares them for the wedding, after having dressed the bride's hair and decked her out in her wedding dress.

All through the East the water-carrier is one of the most picturesque and important characters. In the villages, as in the towns, the water-carrier is looked upon as one of the leading features of life. In the villages you see him with a long pole placed across his shoulder, and attached to the end of the pole is a brass vessel full of sparkling spring water. But the Moslems, of course, will not drink

of the water procured or carried by a Hindu water-carrier. The Moslems have water-carriers of their own, who carry the liquid, not in brass vessels, but in goatskins slung either over the back of the carrier or sometimes across the back of a bullock.

The type of the houses in the villages of India change, of course, with districts, but in every village one finds that the houses of the richer class of peasants have broad, flat roofs. Athletics in the villages are unknown, but one of the most popular sports indulged in in India, as in China, is kite-flying. The kites are home-made and are usually square in shape. Exciting battles are fought between the owners of kites, who pass the strings of their kites through a mixture of broken glass and glue. The battle is then engaged, the object being to bring down your opponent's kite crashing in defeat to the ground. This is done by the deft manœuvring of your kite so that your string crosses that of your opponent's and, with a deft movement, you saw his string across.

Only in the larger towns are there hotels, and only Indians of wealth are able to stay in them. Scattered all over India are what are called *dak*, or guest-houses, for Europeans, and although some of them are fairly comfortable, the majority are very poorly equipped. The travelling Indian depends on the village caravanseraï, or inn. The inn is invariably to be found nearest to the point where all traffic in and out of the village must converge. From the outside the inn shows nothing but four naked walls of baked brown mud.

are neither doors nor windows, but just one heavily barred entrance around which are collected numerous sellers of rice and grain and salt and flour. The native traveller buys food for his meal, then passes into the courtyard, in which he finds parked numerous carts and bullock wagons, while the animals are in another part of this compound. Around the compound is a wide verandah from which lead the rooms for the travellers. Do not expect to find bathrooms or running water, beds or couches or sofas or chairs. A room means just a space on the floor; the traveller's bed is the rug he takes with him and stretches on the hard floor.

A traveller of wealth will perhaps take a number of rooms for the members of his family and his servants, but the poor Indian shares a room with five or six others at a cost of about a farthing per night each. Incidentally, even in the leading hotels of India where I have had to pay for my servants' sleeping accommodation, the cost never exceeded fourpence per night.

The village caravanserai seldom, if ever, is owned by one innkeeper. Usually there is a syndicate of several, each of whom takes care of a certain number of rooms. The result is that a traveller arriving in the compound is immediately set upon by a horde of innkeepers, or touts for innkeepers, each of whom shouts that his rooms are the cheapest and best. They seize upon the weary traveller and hustle and bustle him so that the poor bewildered man hardly knows what he is doing. Even

inside the room the traveller is not altogether safe. He sleeps with his valuables upon his person because thieves are abroad, and he is wary of accepting tobacco or food from strangers because they might contain dope and he will awake from a lengthy stupor to find all his money and valuables gone.

The traveller prepares his own meals in his hotel over a charcoal fire, and, having eaten, he prepares for sleep. The majority of the travellers are too poor to hire a wooden frame from the inn-keeper across which he can stretch his rugs and blankets, so he just lays himself down on the floor and sleeps.

When it is judged that no more travellers are likely to arrive, the heavy wooden gates are closed for the night and the hotel is quiet until dawn, when again the uproar and tumult breaks out afresh as the sun rises out of a pink sky that proclaims the new Indian day.

The quietness of the night is punctuated by a number of hacking coughs and expectorations. All over the East, in Egypt and in India and among the Arabs in Africa, in the streets, in the trains, in the trams, in the omnibuses, one hears this terrible rasping expectoration of the native. It is a sound that seems to start in his ankles and travels upwards through the body until it reaches the upper regions of the chest. It is beastly; it is filthy; it is India.

CHAPTER XV

FAIRY STORIES—OLD AND NEW

THE best fairy stories of the world were made by the Nordic people, whose chief authors were Hans Andersen and the Messrs. Grimm, and those which have come out of the East. England has always been a great place in which to relate fairy stories. "Tell me a story", is an ageless plea in all English families. We do not create fairy stories in England; we listen to them. Perhaps there is no better market in the world than Great Britain. The plain tales of Norway and Sweden and Denmark do not point a moral; those that come from Persia do, perhaps; and of the fairy stories that come out of India, one can say that some have a moral and some have not.

India is a great place for the practising of black magic; there are stories that never die of the marvellous things done by fakirs. We know the stories of the famous rope-trick, but we do not know anybody who has ever seen it performed in India. Here, for a moment, please allow me to digress and relate that once I met a young man, a serious-minded person, who affirms that once in his home

in Mauritius he did see the rope-trick performed by an Indian conjurer. The setting was the usual one. The conjurer, in the open air, collected a crowd round him and took a piece of rope and threw it into the air, and the piece of rope became rigid in its upright position as the mast of a ship, and it stretched right up into the sky. Then the conjurer told his assistant, a little native boy, to climb up the rope, which he did, and he climbed and climbed and climbed until he vanished out of sight into the sky. The conjurer now pulled the rope down; it was a limp coil just as it was before he made it become rigid. Then he called aloud the little boy's name and out he came from the back of the crowd smiling and happy. And this my informant, M. de Marigny, a citizen of Mauritius, where they are British subjects, although French is their native language, says that he saw. M. de Marigny says the secret of the rope-trick is mass hypnotism; and he told me that, although he was not present, on another occasion when an Indian was performing the conjuring trick, this is what happened. The conjurer went through the usual performance, but, after the crowd saw the little boy climbing up the rope, an urchin perched in a neighbouring tree called out, "He is fooling you; there is nothing there." The conjurer, says M. de Marigny, turned round and pointed his finger at the small boy in the tree, who tumbled out of the boughs and fell to the ground and was killed. Believe it or not!

There are, of course, other fairy stories in and about India. There are the fairy stories that Mr. Gandhi tells to his followers, and there are the fairy tales that statesmen tell about India in the House of Commons. We are a nation of believers, but so are the Indians. Mr. Gandhi and members of Congress spread stories about the British which are untrue; foul lies are told in India about the British police. In the House of Commons no foul lies are told, but events in India are presented in such a fashion that they do not always represent things as they are, but more as the Government would like them to be. It is, then, rather more refreshing to turn for a moment from the the fairy lore of Indian politics to the legends of India, which have a very firm base of facts.

Take, for instance, the stories of the Empire of the once powerful Mogul kings. Long before the Indian Mutiny the power of the Moguls had vanished, although the last king of the dynasty was not driven from his throne until 1857. The palmy days of the Moguls were in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the most famous of them all was Akbar. The Great Mogul began to reign in 1556. He ascended his throne two years before Queen Elizabeth mounted the throne of England, and he died in 1605, two years after the death of good Queen Bess, so that the great pioneering days of England ran parallel to the great spacious days of the Moguls.

Akbar the Great was only fourteen years of age

when he became king, but it is said of him : "From that moment his grip was on all India." Not only was Akbar a wise statesman and a good king and ruler in every sense of the word, but history proves that he knew how to be a leader. Before the reign of Akbar, India was the same welter of conflicting languages, creeds, and races that it is to-day, but with the coming of Akbar strife gave way to peace and order, and those who had fought him in the fiercest enmity came to live side by side with him in friendship. Akbar was a law-maker; he was a soldier as well as something of a philosopher. He is said to have been tall of physique and strong in body and mind. He was the best polo-player in India, and it is recorded that he once journeyed 800 miles on the back of a camel without resting at all, and at his journey's end enjoined battle with his enemies.

The Great Mogul left many wonderful buildings behind him as permanent memorials to his reign. Journeying along the banks of the river Jumna, one comes to Agra, which abounds with memories of Akbar. The city of Agra itself is called Akbarabad by the Indians, and it means the city of Akbar. Fort Agra, built by the Great Mogul, is really a city in itself. The battlements of red sandstone rear seventy feet from the ground, and the walls are a mile and a half in circumference. For payment of the sum of fourpence one can obtain a permit to visit the Fort. At the inner gate are a couple of sentries on duty. One passes them

stepping out of the brilliant sunshine into the gloom of the arch formed by the thickness of the walls; then one finds oneself within the inner city. It is a maze of courts, pavilions, corridors, and chambers, wrought in dazzling white marble and decorated most exquisitely with beautiful carvings. The chief feature of this vast building is Akbar's palace, the pinnacles of which are covered in shining gold. Then there is a quite small mosque, so beautifully fashioned that it is called the Pearl Mosque, meaning that it is the pearl among all the mosques.

Fort Agra is also famous because of the part it played in the Indian Mutiny. When the Mutiny broke out at Delhi on the 11th of May, 1857, there were in Agra only one British regiment with some artillery, and two Bengal regiments. The Fort was at once taken over by some Europeans. It will be recalled that two companies of a native regiment which had been sent to Mattra to bring the treasure there into Agra mutinied. They marched away to Delhi. Then the other Indian soldiers of the same regiment were ordered to pile their arms, which they did. Other Indian contingents in Agra also mutinied. History relates that there were 155,000 men, women, and children, including the Queen. The rebels had murdered all Europeans and held the Fort. There was heavy fighting for many days, and it was not until Delhi was captured by British, in the month of September, that the Moguls turned their full attention to Akbar the Great. The Fort felt the full brunt of

the attack. But Colonel Greathead's force left Delhi secretly and made a surprise attack upon the mutineers surrounding the Fort, and relieved the Europeans imprisoned in it.

Events of the Indian Mutiny do not find their rightful place in a chapter of a book which set out primarily to deal with fairy stories. The whole history of the Mutiny in India is, fortunately, one that is not likely to repeat itself as history is supposed to do. What lies ahead is a matter of conjecture up to a certain point ; but there are certain things which can be reckoned among the certainties of this life ; one of them is that, small as the British Army in India is, it is adequate for all probable purposes. It could not face or in any way deal with a wholesale uprising of Indian troops. This possibility, however, can be entirely ruled out. Another certainty is that grave troubles lie ahead in Bengal. But sectional mutinies and rebellions can be dealt with. The great and grave danger of 1857, which might have caused the loss of India, is not at all likely to trouble us again. If India ever proves a total loss, the loss of the greatest section of the British Empire will be traceable to Whitehall more than India itself.

Twenty-two miles away from Agra is the marvellous town of Fatehpur-Sikri, which was built by the Emperor Akbar himself, "where every building is a palace, every palace a dream covered in red sandstone". Fatehpur-Sikri means in English "the City of Victory", and was so called because

about a mile from Agra. It has been said that "the song of birds meets the ear and the odour of roses and lemon flowers sweeten the air". I say nothing to the contrary, but to the song of birds must be added the croaking of bull-frogs, whose raucous voices vibrate through the night air. The first glimpse of the Taj by moonlight is so entrancing that it really takes one's breath away. One stands at the gateway, a fairly high flight of steps, and one faces the white minarets which seem to swim in a celestial light of shining silver. There is a long, thin line of water between the entrance and the tomb, and the water is flanked by two rows of dark-green cypress trees and interrupted in the middle by a marble platform. At the end of this vista the white marble Taj rises in glorious and majestic beauty, which is reflected in the waters below. When, at brief periods, the croaking of the bull-frogs is not heard, there is an awesome silence, when the tomb of glistening white seems to be more and more unearthly.

Walking most reverently along the pathway bordering the water-course, one reaches the great tombs shining so brightly and bathed in a soft and almost ghostly light. Above us is a still more gigantic tomb: the dark mauve and velvety sky of an Indian night, a sky flecked with star-dust.

Two flights of steps lead to the main door of the mausoleum. The doors open softly and two native attendants receive us with sibilant whispers. The heavy scent of jasmine flowers loads the night air.

The flowers are all round the tomb, which is surrounded by a marble screen so marvellously wrought and fashioned that it seems no human hands can ever have touched it. Glorious patterns, perfectly proportioned arches, domes, and minarets make up the Taj Mahal. One leaves it with reluctance, glancing back over one's shoulder at every few steps. The croaking of the bull-frogs, the occasional sweet note of a nightingale, "the odour of roses and lemon flowers". The hours between twilight and dawn may be spent wisely near the Taj Mahal.

But, oh, my friends, do please take warning, never go there in the morning. Disillusion and disappointment will await you. The exquisite designs are there of course ; nothing can take them away. One notices, also, many details that may escape one at night. There are, for instance, inlaid letters most beautifully shaped in black marble. These letters form verses and chapters of the Koran, and I have been told that the whole of the Koran is inlaid in the Taj. The heart of the building is the vault, where Shah Jehan and his wife lie together, for he was laid beside his favourite queen. The tombs are formed of the purest white marble, inlaid most beautifully with designs formed of agate, cornelian, lapis-lazuli, jasper, and other precious stones. This is one of the Arabian Nights dreams come true.

But to look upon the Taj Mahal in the strong light of day is nearly impossible, the eyes are dazzled ; but by moonlight it is a dream of beauty. In the

daytime it is a glaring mass of building, fit only for the tourist making a hasty trip across India.

Were one a philosopher one might be tempted to "adorn a tale" with the striking dissimilarity between the Taj Mahal by day and by night. There is something which very nearly resembles the India of our dreams and the India of stark reality.

CHAPTER XVI

AT DELHI

WHEN they took the late M. Clemenceau up to the top of the tower overlooking the new capital of India, that is to say, New Delhi, the "Tiger" said, "Humph, that will make the finest ruin of them all." And there was a smile on the face of the "Tiger".

What the French ex-Premier referred to, of course, was the fact that there have already been seven Delhis and the jungle has conquered them all. Motor round the country and you will visit as fine a set of interesting ruins as you will find anywhere in India. To say "the lions and lizards keep the courts" would be untrue, but there are lizards, and, although there are no lions within calling distance, there are plenty of snakes.

Delhi has probably seen more changes than any other capital in the world, and for many centuries it was a bloody battlefield, its soil soaked with the blood of its would-be conquerors and its defenders.

It was Shah Jehan who returned to Delhi as the seat of the Government of the Mogul kings, and practically rebuilt the city. Memories of Delhi reach very far beyond the times of the Mogul kings ; they

stretch away into the dimmest dawn of Indian history, where lore and legends, fables and fairy stories, cross and recross like threads in a loom so that the seeker after truth or the would-be historian cannot disentangle *one thread from another*.

The modern Delhi stands in the middle of a plain, and it is impossible to look north, south, east, or west without seeing one of the former Delhis. A motor drive or a horse ride across the plain means the passing of piles of bricks, of broken-down gateways and tumble-down towers, dilapidated forts and all the decayed relics of former palaces.

Like a lighthouse in a troubled sea stands an enormous five-story tower, which is fifty feet in circumference at the base, and only nine at the top. This tower goes by the name of Kutb, after a slave who, some 700 years ago, developed military genius so that he became a general and eventually Emperor of Delhi. He was a Moslem and the forerunner of a line of ten Emperors of Delhi. The tower is supposed to have been built in commemoration of some military victory won by Kutb. To-day it is a meaningless symbol of the departed greatness of the Moguls, but if one has the energy to ascend the 378 steps, there is a view which the late Herr Baedeker would certainly have classified as "refreshing". The winding sacred river Jumna looks like some long grey snake meandering across a brown and green chess-board. Then one turns to the newest Delhi, the latest Delhi of them all, the Delhi of to-day, but will it be the capital of to-morrow?

New Delhi plus Old Delhi provides a magnificent pageant of India ; there are narrow winding streets with houses so close that the tops seem to meet above the heads ; there are strings of slow-padding camels and carts drawn by buffaloes, and dozens of wandering cows, calves, and goats all touched on the hindquarters by passing Hindus because of their sacredness.

Then look at the vivid colouring : the bright green of the foliage in the gardens ; the warm red of the big buildings ; the terra-cotta fort, a town within a town ; red sandstone with creamy veins running through it ; the white palaces ; the seven beautiful gates ; the gorgeous Humayum tomb—one monument more beautiful than the others. Drive eight, ten miles out, more wonders, but ruined marvels, these. Relentless nature has fought her way back, as she has a way of doing throughout India and way beyond in Borneo. The jungle is never a loser.

Seven miles away from Old Delhi is New Delhi, the present capital of India, which was previously Calcutta. The new capital is not finished yet. Will it ever be finished ? Provision was made for 70,000 inhabitants ; there are at present 30,000. There are miles of avenues with pretty names. The avenues are flanked with tall trees ; some of the avenues contain a few buildings, others none at all, nothing but just the pretty name.

There are gorgeous Government buildings, high inspiring columns, wonderful gardens to the Viceroy's

house—long, long vistas, but barely a soul to be seen. An occasional motor-car passes, and on the days of garden-parties a huge crowd, just like supers using a Griffiths set or some big spectacular film.

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And then, the next day, nothing.

It is intended to erect a civil hospital to serve the needs of the new capital, and also a central capital for the whole of Delhi; but the sites have not yet been selected, says the guide-book. Will the sites be chosen and the hospitals built before the jungle reclaims its own?

The revised estimate of expenditure for New Delhi up to March 1927, the last available figures, was 1,507 lakhs of rupees (near eleven and a half million pounds), for which some lovely buildings have been acquired. But what of their future? We are now engaged in drafting a new constitution for India. Will New Delhi, complete or incomplete, be handed over to those who may follow us, Indians, and particularly the Hindus, who hate us with a fierce hatred?

Anyone who has had experience of simple dealings in a post office in India will agree with me that the inefficiency is amazing; and multiply this inefficiency by anything you like, and you will have a glimmering of how an India governed by Indians will appear. No, I think that when the shade of M. Clemenceau revisits Delhi it will grin sardonically. The jungle will not be denied. In Old Delhi

the camels will slowly pad, the cows, goats and calves meander ; but New Delhi will provide the eighth ruin.

You have heard how the late M. Clemenceau greeted Delhi, the new capital of British India. That cynical old Frenchman, however, must have kept his more cynical thoughts to himself. Delhi, the new capital, is the nerve centre of British India, but it is a nerve centre in many ways remote from the rest of the human organization which is British India. Delhi is supposed to be in the closest touch with all that happens in the rest of British India. Thousands and thousands of miles of telegraph wires link up this New Delhi with the rest of the sub-continent. But things do happen, matters of importance, which are not known in Delhi as quickly as they might be.

I will cite just one case. During one of my visits to Delhi I was in the company of a journalist from the London office of the *Christian Science Monitor*. My friend one afternoon received a cable from London asking him to dispatch a message concerning the arrest of Miss Slade. Miss Slade was, as far as we knew, in Bombay, and we knew nothing about her arrest. My friend telephoned to the Viceroy's secretary and was told that nothing was known of the arrest of Miss Slade, and that she could not have been arrested without the knowledge of the Viceroy. My friend went to the telegraph office to cable his London office that the news of Miss Slade's arrest was untrue. Just as he was passing

his cable across the counter I suggested that he should hold it for a few minutes while I telephoned to an Indian journalist friend of mine in Delhi. I did so, and was given the fullest details of Miss Slade's arrest in Bombay that morning and the subsequent police-court proceedings. She was summarily tried and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. You must remember that Miss Slade, the daughter of the late Admiral Slade, is Mr. Gandhi's first lieutenant. During Mr. Gandhi's imprisonment it is Miss Slade who carries on all the secret and underground methods of Congress. Yet on the evening of the day that Miss Slade was arrested and sentenced the Viceroy of India did not know anything about the matter. I want to anticipate what some of my critics may say: "Oh, that was told you just to fool you. The Government did not want journalists to know that Miss Slade had been arrested." To this I must reply that information came to us in Delhi from London, where it had been published in the afternoon newspapers; it was published in the afternoon newspapers in Bombay, and I myself obtained the full details from the office of the Associated Press of India in Delhi, a few minutes' walk from the Viceroy's house. This brings me up against what I regard as one of the most serious defects in the antiquated, out-of-date methods of ruling India. I am not referring to the personnel which controls the Government machine, because I really and truly believe that this personnel is the finest in the world. But I do

say and I do believe that we do not bring sufficient imagination to bear on the machine itself. There are in British India very few newspapers in the English language which give the British point of view to Europeans and English-reading Indians in India. In Bombay there is the *Times of India*, a truly stodgy old Victorian newspaper, doddling along with perhaps half a dozen English members of the editorial. At night-time it is very often impossible to find an Englishman in the office, the night staff of sub-editors being entirely Indian. Please believe me that I am not suggesting any member of the Indian staff is not entirely loyal both to the Government and to the newspaper, but there remains the certainty that with the present pressure Congress is bringing to bear on all sections of the Indian community, Indians, even of the highest intellectual and intelligent types, will be Indian first and citizens of the British Empire afterwards.

Reuter's also spread a vast network of lines over India, and this semi-official agency controls the Associated Press of India. Reuter not only supplies world news to newspapers in India, but also supplies Indian news to the world. Yet how many Britishers are employed by Reuter's in India? One could count them on the fingers of one hand.

In Lahore there is the famous *Civil and Military Gazette*, and in Calcutta there is the famous *Statesman*, a giant among newspapers. But of the rest, what? Small sheets which are rapidly passing into oblivion, and their place being taken by newspapers

in the English language, subsidized by Congress and openly seditious, or else, like the *Hindu* in Madras, an Indian newspaper in the English language. I will say nothing against either the seditious newspapers or those which are frankly and openly opposed to us. The very fact that we allow them to be published is a high tribute to the British sense of fair play and justice.

One can likewise treat with contempt the dabbling in the murky waters of sedition by journalists who, for money, have sold out and have gone over to those willing to spend money to drive Great Britain out of India. There comes to my mind the case of a highly educated and capable journalist who "went native", lived in the bazaars, and was then taken out and supported by a group which finances a morning and afternoon newspaper in Bombay, and in the columns of these two newspapers this Englishman is a star performer.

There is the case, too, of another Englishman of lesser intelligence and attainment who, having in turn been dismissed by the leading newspapers of England, went out to India, where he became the editorial director in turn of two English newspapers, both of which died under his direction. He obtained as much money as he could, then left his staff stranded and returned to London, where he lurked about the back alleys of Fleet Street, cashing worthless cheques, and finally borrowing from those who knew him in his former glories.

The English newspapers of India have many

capable men on their staffs, but the machine creaks. British India is too vast to be covered by this handful of newspapers. What the British Government in India needs is a wireless service. The nucleus of such a service already exists. The official wireless at Chelmsford in England sends out news items which are picked up, not only by such organizations as pay to receive such services, but by dozens of others in the vernacular press who do not pay an anna. Scattered over India, too, are a few wireless posts of emission from which gramophone records are broadcast, but the programmes are very meagre; and the service is scanty because of the lack of money.

The Government should seize the earliest opportunity of doing what Russia and France are doing with the greatest success, for, if we do not, it is as sure as to-morrow's sunrise that somebody else will.

For the time being there are millions who cannot read and who remain outside political influences. But as soon as Congress is able to make use of radio, the British cause in India will be definitely lost.

At present each Indian province has its publicity officer, but the weekly reports bear little relation to reality. What is needed for those who are the tools of others who are desirous of driving us from India, and to reach the millions of yet unreached, is a good wireless service with local stations giving entertainment mingled with news.

True, it might be years before there is any appreciable financial yield, but it would be very

much cheaper to hold India by "wireless penetration" than to be forced to an eventual military reconquest.

Russia, some years ago, discovered how to rule by wireless. Now the voice of the Kremlin is heard in every peasant's hut and at every street corner Russia is honeycombed with wireless stations, long and short waves. In every theatre there is a loud-speaker, in every cinema. Fixed to the lamp-posts in public squares there are loudspeakers. They are to be found also in railway stations. The factories abound with them, and the peasants may share with the soldiers in barracks the glad tidings which come from the Kremlin. It is the policy of the powder and the jam ; first the jam, the music and entertainment, then the powder, propaganda from the Kremlin ; and it works exceedingly well.

France, too, has jumped right into this wireless means of governing. Not for France itself, but for her overseas Empire. Millions of francs have been voted by Parliament for the erection of wireless stations which relay French propaganda wherever France has a colony. The Arabs of North Africa, the Annamites in Indo-China, both hear what Paris wants them to hear, and, you know, if you say it three times it is true. Why, even in Saigon they are erecting a wireless station so powerful that people with wireless sets in Eastern India will be reached quite easily.

This, I say, is what we need. Imagination, the clearness of perception which enables British rule

to continue not by rule of thumb, but by adaptability. We have progressed so far in India that now we need no longer frown on publicity.

This criticism is intended to be constructive, because I repeat that I have the very highest admiration for Indian Civil Servants, whom I believe to be the salt of the earth. We in England know very little about the lives of the Civil Servants in India. Who can even guess what many of them have to go through since their salaries were cut by ten per cent.? There is one man I know in Delhi who occupies such an important position that I dare not even hint at his work. He has been fifteen years in India, and in order to be able to pay the school fees for his small son in England he and his wife have to take in paying guests.

So long as we are able to keep up the high standard of our Indian Civil Servants, we shall not have to suffer very much for the mistakes of those in high places, and mistakes there have been, serious, grave mistakes for which India is now paying the price.

The late Lord Curzon reigned in India as Viceroy from 1899 to 1905. No history of the events that count in India during the past fifty years and which helped to bring matters to their present pass would be complete without reference to the Viceroyalty of the late Lord Curzon. At the time when, in 1899, Lord Curzon assumed office, India was in a fairly prosperous condition, was making slow but material progress, and political aspirations were not

harming the even tenor of her ways. Yet it is true that seeds of discontent were being sown by too great acceleration of wholesale education.

When Lord Curzon was appointed, he had already travelled very extensively in Asia and India, so that he went to his new post with the mind of a traveller, with the certain prejudices which a traveller's mind acquires, and not with the entirely open and unbiased mind that a Viceroy requires for his high post. Lord Reading, for example, had been Lord Chief Justice before he went to India; he possesses the calm, judicial mind. Lord Willingdon had been Governor of Bombay and Governor-General of Canada before he went to Delhi. Here was ripe experience. Unfortunately for Lord Curzon, he had the misfortune to follow a long line of successive Viceroys who had the advantage of inherited knowledge, and each, treading warily in the footsteps of his predecessor, built up British India on progressive lines, and so handed it on to Lord Curzon in 1899. "George Nathaniel Curzon, that most superior purzon," went to India with his superiority complex working at full pressure. He went believing in his own divine right, and sincerely believing that he had been called to do a job of work for the betterment of Asia in general and India in particular. He was not content to follow where his founders had led, but he began at once to ruthlessly inspect, dissect, and upset every Government department at Simla. Lord Curzon arrived with a preconceived idea that he must set

Government House in order, or everything would be wrong. He found it so.

Lord Curzon wanted to reorganize everything and everybody. He wanted centralization; he wanted decentralization. He wanted this; he wanted that; in his mistrust and suspicion of everything and everybody he poked his nose into corners far from the dignity of his high rank, even to the extent of deciding how many pencils, nibs, and sheets of blotting paper were really necessary a month for clerks. Valuable time was wasted, precious moments thrown away, and before he had been a year in India resignations and premature retirements came pouring in.

In a country like India, where the balance had only been obtained by impartiality between the clashing sections, Lord Curzon's methods and actions were interpreted by the semi-educated Indians as being pro-Indian and anti-British. The news spread through the bazaars that Lord Curzon was a champion of the rights of Indians, and was there to redress their wrongs. This period lasted for seven years, until Lord Curzon fell out with Lord Kitchener and shook the dust of India from his feet. From the time of the Victorian proclamation of 1858 nothing important happened in India to equal Lord Curzon's partition of Bengal, when he took away a portion of Bengal and made a new province. It was not difficult to believe that Lord Curzon's act was intended to be an act of statesmanship, but it was just typical of the man that he should do something, sincerely

believing it to be right, without the slightest idea of the terrible consequences which must necessarily follow.

When Lord Curzon left India he was succeeded by Lord Minto, who, during the first year of his office, received the Prince and Princess of Wales, now King George and Queen Mary, when they visited in India. Officials who were there at the time tell me that Indians attached some significance to the visit of the Prince and Princess following so quickly on Lord Curzon's resignation, but directly after the Prince and Princess departed, Lord Minto was left to reap the first-fruits of his predecessor's administration. Officials began to find it necessary to sleep with revolvers under their pillows. Secret arrangements were made to evacuate all British women and children in the Punjab to the Forts. The terror began in Bengal. India began to seethe with discontent and rebellion. The discontent and rebellion were caused because the Indians thought that they had been deceived. The Indians believed that the seven years of Lord Curzon's reign had been intended to give them what they desired. On the other hand, there was great dissatisfaction throughout the Services because of the attitude Lady Curzon, an American, had adopted towards them. One of the first instances recorded was at the first ball given by Lord and Lady Curzon at Viceregal Lodge, Simla, when Lady Curzon was asked what were her impressions of India. Her answer was that the two funniest things she had seen in India were a British officer in a white uniform, and a water buffalo.

CHAPTER XVII

LORD WILLINGDON

ANOTHER story told about the late Lord Curzon and his acts of officialdom refers to his adventures with the 9th Lancers. Shortly after Lord Curzon was appointed Viceroy a *punkha* coolie was found dead in the barracks at Sialkote in the Punjab, occupied by the 9th Lancers. Nowadays, in all the big centres, *punkhas* have given place to huge electric fans shaped like a ship's propeller. But formerly the *punkha* coolie played an important part in the life of India. A *punkha* is made of flexible material and is about the size of a small fire-screen. This *punkha* is kept working by manual labour. Now the death of a *punkha* coolie was not an uncommon occurrence, either in barracks or in civil quarters. The *punkha* coolies were recruited from the fields and were generally considered to be physically unsuited to the work they had to do. The coolies often fell asleep with the *punkha* rope in their hands, and old stagers in India have been known to use sugar to encourage the black ants to keep the coolies awake. A friend of mine, who spent nearly fifty years in India, tells me that he once witnessed a case when a coolie was

spoken to roughly and roused out of his sleep, when he replied, "*Um Mergh Jata*"—"I will die", and he rolled over and expired.

The case of the death of the coolie in the 9th Lancers' barracks was duly reported to headquarters. The incident reached Lord Curzon's ears and he was not satisfied, and he demanded somebody's head, not in the literal sense, of course, but he wanted a culprit found, and he ordered that the 9th Lancers should be confined to barracks and all leave stopped until a culprit was found. He went even further, and ordered the recall from leave in England of all officers of the regiment. There was a tremendous sensation in India, and it was only by the exercise of great tact on the part of high military officers that the regiment was prevented from mutining. But the Viceroy was immediately acclaimed *Garib purwar*, Protector and Cherisher, of the native.

Another amazing thing that Lord Curzon did to start up strife in India was to prohibit the giving of presents, baskets of fruit, etc., from natives to officials. The custom has dated from time immemorial, and for a European to refuse to receive such a present from a native is considered a great insult. Lord Curzon issued an order that anyone accepting such gifts would be punished. The effect of the order, of course, did nothing but belittle the standing of officials in India.

In 1902 Lord Curzon's high and mighty temperament came into collision with Lord Kitchener. There had been constant friction which led to an

open breach when the Commander-in-Chief wanted to ensure that Army supplies should be under the control of the Army. Lord Kitchener insisted on certain reserves of ammunition being maintained. Lord Curzon was forced to bend an unbending knee. It was undoubtedly a fact that the large reserves of ammunition in India accumulated under Kitchener's scheme helped to save the serious situation caused by the grave shortage of home reserves at the beginning of the war in 1914.

From the end of the Viceroyalty of Lord Curzon and until the appointment of Lord Irwin, the Viceroys had a comparatively easy time. Lord Irwin has been most unjustly accused of having been responsible for the various breaches of the peace in India. This is my considered opinion after hearing various high British officials in India tell me of the difficulties Lord Irwin experienced during his Viceroyalty. It may come as a surprise to many people to know that practically every high official was a keen and sincere supporter of Lord Irwin. He was a man who was carrying out a policy dictated to him by a Socialist Government in London. Just as Lord Irwin was blamed for policies that were not always his own, so is Lord Willingdon praised for policies that do not always originate with him. A few weeks before Lord Irwin returned to England a prominent Indian prince said to me in the South of France : "Lord Irwin has shortened British rule in India by ten years . . . no, Greenwall, we must not exaggerate: by five years." That is an . . . of

opinion by an Indian whose allegiance to the King-Emperor is undoubted, but his very infrequent visits to India do not, to my way of thinking, make him one of the best judges of what Indians in India are thinking.

Mr. Edward Thompson, in his latest book on India, refers to Lord Willingdon as the man who regards everyone he meets as a fellow Etonian. Mr. Thompson is one of those people who, when he writes about a subject, persuades himself that he owns a world copyright in it. One must not agree with Mr. Thompson; one must not disagree with Mr. Thompson. One may attend Mr. Thompson's lectures on India, or one may read his books, but Mr. Thompson's views on India may be summed up in a remark he made to me in a ship travelling towards India. I was introduced to Mr. Thompson as a journalist who was going to India for the first time to try to write the truth. Mr. Thompson greeted the introduction with: "Oh, I thought the people in England did not want to know the truth about India." What Mr. Thompson meant, of course, was that they did not want to hear the truth unless it was told by Mr. Thompson. But does Mr. Thompson know the truth about India any more than his friend the Rev. Charles Andrews, who acts as a sort of showman or press agent for Mr. Gandhi? I do not pretend to even think that Lord Willingdon is the demigod that many of his admirers try to make him out to be, but I am quite sure he serves the cause of Britain in India better than Mr. Edward Thompson.

"Balls, picnics, and parties", as an American song says, is the keynote of high official life in Delhi, the winter capital, and in Simla, the summer capital. During the so-called cold-weather season in Delhi, life is just one whirl of gaiety. Horse Show week is particularly marvellous. Balls, picnics, and parties; visitors come from miles around. The American tourists in comic topees travel hundreds of miles from Bombay, and look like participants in the first act of *Lakmé*. Indian princes bringing magnificent jewels leave their native States to add splendour to Delhi. European women in the latest Parisian creations; Indian princesses in gorgeous saris; officers in their colourful mess jackets; the jingle of spurs; the throb in the throbbles of expensive motor-cars; the pawing and stamping of four-legged thoroughbreds; cricket matches, picnics, gymkhanas, colourful life. And against this kaleidoscopic background the Government of India carries on.

Were you to ask me what Lord Willingdon looks like I would risk falling into a cliché and say, "he is a gentleman," and would ask you to let me leave it at that. I cannot imagine anybody taking a liberty with Lord Willingdon, any more than I can imagine Lord Willingdon taking a liberty with anyone. Perhaps it was that Mr. Thompson was trying to express. Lord Willingdon has no illusions either about himself or about his post, or even about India. It must be remembered that when he went to Delhi he was no stranger; he had been Governor of Bombay. The present Viceroy has been credited

with having crushed sedition in India. But, in point of fact, Lord Willingdon was only carrying out a policy of conciliation with Mr. Gandhi before Mr. Gandhi left India for the Round Table Conference in London in the winter of 1931. Lord Willingdon has told me himself of the troubles and difficulties he had to persuade Mr. Gandhi to even go to London. This is not a chapter in which I wish to deal with the personality of Mr. Gandhi, but, in trying to place Lord Willingdon in his true and proper aspect, I must relate just one story he told me. It was, as a matter of fact, the very last time Lord Willingdon and Mr. Gandhi ever met. It was at Simla in the summer of 1931. Mr. Gandhi had spent hours with the Viceroy when the Pact of Delhi was concluded.

“Good-bye, Mr. Gandhi,” said Lord Willingdon ; “bring us back a good treaty.” A few hours later Mr. Gandhi telephoned to Government House to say that he must withdraw from everything he had promised. That was a typical Gandhi-ism. After leaving Lord Willingdon Mr. Gandhi spoke with the leaders of Congress, in whose hands he was nothing but a puppet. That much is known, but what is not known publicly is the fact that Mr. Gandhi himself broke the Pact of Delhi before he ever left India. The British Government and the Government of India never expected anything tangible to emerge from the Round Table Conference.

I am not trying to detract from the tactful manner in which Lord Willingdon handles the policy of the National Government in London; but I do

wish to make clear that he is not responsible for it. Let us, for a moment, consider the question of the ordinances which have done so much to both check disorder in India and also to prevent greater discontent. Lord Willingdon is credited with the putting into execution of the ordinances. But I know as an absolute positive fact that these ordinances were drafted in Whitehall and were held ready to put into force should Mr. Gandhi's return to India cause disorder.

Lord Willingdon, I happen to know, promised the King-Emperor that he would stay two years in India. Lord Willingdon does not wish to remain his full term of office, and one half of the period he promised to stay has already elapsed. This devoted elderly gentleman rules from a room in which the most prominent picture is a signed photograph of the King-Emperor. There are fragrant flowers in the study; they are not the flowers of India but the old-world blooms of England, of which the Viceroy's private garden is full.

They say Lord Willingdon is indiscreet. He is certainly frank to those he knows he can trust; he discusses personalities and policies with a refreshing candour. It is because he is a realist in India that Lord Willingdon is an outstanding success.

Who will follow in his footsteps? India does not need another Lord Curzon; it does not need a vain politician, even if he be an ex-Prime Minister. Of pomp and glory there is plenty in Delhi, but the highest post in India requires a man.

CHAPTER XVIII

BAZAARS, BEGGARS, AND JUNGLES

THE market-places of the world are the meeting-places for gossip, the spreading of rumours, for the exchange of travellers' tales, which very often become interwoven into the legends and lore of the country. In the West the market-places correspond to the bazaars of the East, but in countries like Great Britain, where the public-houses replace the café, the bazaars, or, rather, the gossiping-places, are to be found only in the more remote country places. The big cities have no real gossiping places, and more is the pity.

In India there is no town so small that there is no bazaar. When the native says he is going to the bazaar it does not necessarily mean that he is going to buy anything. He is going to lounge, doze, and, above all, he is going to talk. He is going to listen to the latest rumour, which may be political or not, and then he is going to carry this piece of gossip down to the end of the town, where it will be turned over and over and over again. The bazaars, not only in India, but also in all parts of North Africa and Asia, are formed of separate quarters, so one

finds the goldsmiths all located in one section and all the other trades segregated one from the other, so that anybody who really does intend to spend money in a bazaar has no difficulty whatsoever in finding the goods for which he is seeking. But the majority of the crowd is made up of idlers and gossipers, to which must be added, of course, the merchants and the salesmen, the professional letter-writers, the beggars, and, in fact, all the flotsam and jetsam of a great city. The effect, of course, is marvellous. In some cities of India bazaars are covered-in buildings, but for the most part the bazaar is just a quarter of the city in which street after street is given over to trade. The shopkeepers do not occupy very much space. As a rule a shop is nothing more than a hole in the wall ; there is a low wooden counter beneath which the merchant sleeps when his day is over. During business hours the merchant squats on the counter beside his wares, and before him passes the crowd dressed in all the colours of Joseph's coat. There are robes of blue and white and pink and saffron and red. A marvellous kaleidoscope.

The Indians are fond of sweetmeats, and the seller of sweets plys one of the most flourishing trades in the bazaar. The Indian confectioner can truly say that his sweets are home-made, for, in fact, he makes them before your eyes ; one particularly favoured sweet is called *luddu*, which is made of sugar and curdled milk. He also produces a sort of toffee, which he makes himself ; another

favourite sweetmeat is a sort of cake fried in butter.

Very little meat is sold, for the Mohammedans are practically the only customers of the butcher. On the other hand, the flour-seller does a thriving business, because not only does he sell ground corn, but also barley and wheat, dried lentils, sugar, peas, rice and potatoes, and nuts and dried fruits. The lentils and the peas and the rice form the basis of curry, the staple food of the native. A great pair of scales weighs out the quantities, but the bazaar merchant neither delivers goods nor provides paper bags for his customers to take them away. The result is that the customer has to show very considerable ingenuity, which is very often, as a matter of fact, shared by the merchant. The man who sells butter and milk twists a green leaf into the form of a cup and into this he pours the quantity he has sold. But the purchaser of dried goods, such as flour or lentils, has them poured into a corner of his robe, which he knots, and I have also seen an Indian use his turban to carry away the ingredients for his lunch.

You may find a pleasant aroma coming from another stall, and that, you find, is the merchant who is selling a species of popcorn. A large shallow utensil is placed precariously over a small fire of dried leaves. Another person, often a woman, crouches near the pan and throws in handfuls of grain which sizzles in the butter—not fat of any kind, because to the Hindus it is taboo. Passers-by

buy their fill for the equivalent of a farthing and pass on their way crunching their purchase.

The goldsmiths and the silversmiths sit on their haunches chiselling and hammering and fashioning their wares. It is rare to see a customer here, but customers there must be, and hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of golden trinkets pass from the bazaars into the villages all over India. In all there must be millions of pounds' worth, because, when India was exporting gold to England after Great Britain went off the Gold Standard, the go-betweens went round the villages buying up these trinkets by the score.

The cloth merchants are the most imposing-looking in any bazaar. For one thing they occupy more space, and they carry, comparatively speaking, big stocks of calico goods and woollen goods. It is in the cloth merchants' quarters that the principal boycott troubles have happened. Lancashire goods had been burnt by the followers of Congress, and shops selling British goods are picketed, and the trade driven away. Mr. Gandhi is supposed to have directed his campaign against all foreign goods, but to-day in the bazaars one finds that Japanese goods and, in a lesser degree, Italian goods have replaced the materials that Lancashire used to sell. It is perhaps not generally known how Lancashire first obtained a footing in the Indian bazaars. In the olden days India produced shawls and brocades and splendid silk muslins which were handed down from mother to daughter. But the craze for cheapness

invaded the bazaars, as it did other parts of the world, and as a consequence Lancashire, and particularly Burnley, found India a tremendous market for the cheaper class of cotton goods, which are now in turn being driven out, just as Lancashire in the first place drove out from the Indian market the better class of goods which the Indians themselves produced.

The druggist, or chemist, is also the purveyor of opium, which, of course, has entirely free sale in India. He sells many kinds of medicines and drugs, does the druggist, and even this man of medicine is moved by the superstitious East. The druggist of the Indian bazaar is not above writing a prescription on a piece of paper and telling the customer to swallow it, which he does, and is either killed or cured. Quack medicine probably originated in the East—and never left it. But it is open to discussion whether the medicine men of the bazaars are greater charlatans than those who in the West extract thousands of pounds from credulous multitudes. Anyhow, the medicine man of the bazaar does not wax fat on his sale of talismans, but he believes in the efficaciousness of his remedies as much as his customers do. Perhaps we had better say it is all a question of latitude and leave it at that.

Fruit shops and food shops abound in the bazaars, because, although the Indian is a sparse eater, he likes to eat often. When he is not chewing the betel nut and expectorating the red juice all over the pavements, he is dropping in on this or that

seller of food and buying himself what in the West we would call a snack. It would be false to think that the food sold in the bazaars—and I would refer more particularly to the cooked foods—is not clean ; it is clean and wholesome and cheap, and certainly smells very appetizing. Those whose religion allows them to eat meat may obtain for less than a halfpenny several small pieces of grilled mutton, with a wooden skewer stuck through them. Then there are rice cakes fried in oil, and stews of vegetables, dried and fresh, in which onions are the leading feature. Usually the very pungent and odorous curry is poured over the vegetables before the customer consumes them. Like his brother in the West, the Indian is fond of condiments, especially pickled carrots and, of course, mango chutney. Here I would digress a moment and write on mangoes, a fruit almost entirely unknown in Europe. Like many things that are unknown, the mango has a romantic air about it. In point of fact, the mango is one of the most beastly fruits I have ever met. There are two schools of mango-eaters ; one school that uses the spoon and the other school that uses a knife and fork. I am all for throwing the mango out of the window, because, whether one uses a spoon or a knife and fork, the mango has a faint but nasty fishy taste about it. Tinned mango is not so bad, but a fresh mango can, so far as I am concerned, remain a mysterious fruit of the mysterious East. It is awful.

One of the most entrancing spots in any Indian

bazaars, as it did other consequence Lancashire found India a tremendous mass of cotton goods, driven out, just as on Indian life, says of a bazaar out from the India goods which the India

Old things, and still older things, piggedly, hang on top of each other, a broken lamp, an officer's turban, a bazaar pipkin on top of a parrot's cage filled with French knives, keeping company with an old sword to furnish forth a foundry; and in a spoon, little brass gods, prayer sticks, mixed up with battered electro-plated and every conceivable kind of rubbish.

That, I think, is a very fair description of a shop in India, but now I have come to it strikes me that it would describe equally a marine-store dealer's shop in any English town. Which only goes to prove that although East and West is West, the twain can sometimes find points of contact.

Scattered among the crowds that throng the bazaars one's eye soon fixes on the holy beggar. In every city in India there are thousands of thousands of beggars, men and women, who are holy, just beggars. There is the woman with several little children scattered round her legs, who runs at you as you enter or leave your car; there are blind men who are walked backward in front of you by one or more attendants; there are men in advanced stages of filthy diseases who are paraded before

men whose faces have been literally eaten
no nose and no eyes. Hundreds and hundreds
m, like a never ceasing nightmare.

at, apart from these, India is also a land of
ous mendicants. They do not confine their
ities to the bazaars, or even the cities, but you
them travelling along the roads, you see them
the villages, and you see them by the hundreds
and the temples. The majority of these holy beg-
are absolutely genuine. They have abandoned
earthly wealth, stripped themselves of all belong-
gs, and have gone out into the world with their
most naked bodies smeared with ashes and wearing
only a loincloth. Indeed, in Benares I have seen
them stripped absolutely naked. "Naked, homeless,
he eats only when food is offered to him, drinks
only from the cup of water which is given in the
name of the Lord." The holy beggars are, of course,
fanatical, although many of them were once upon
a time well-to-do. It is said that among the thous-
ands of beggars of India are men who were out-
standingly wealthy but who slipped out of every-
thing and took their places in the ranks of the very
poor because they believe that only by doing so can
they be sure of a Hereafter.

Travelling in India, one is always coming upon
something or other that pulls one up with a jerk.
One meets a man with the semi-crazy look of a
fanatic in his eyes, a man with matted hair and nothing
on him but a loincloth ; and then, in cultured accents,
he will discuss the philosophy of life, and talk in the

ablest manner on a variety of matter—Huxley, Darwin, or Herbert Spencer, they will talk to you, put you right in your logic with a courteous air, and at the end of the conversation they will accept a piece of silver and go on their way content. It is all very puzzling.

Of course, not all the holy beggars of India are men of refinement and culture; in Benares, for instance, I have seen beggars stark naked shovelling cow-dung with their feet, but, cultured or not, they all practise poverty and are all seemingly contented with their lot.

Another class of holy man, and one which in a sense may be counted under the heading of beggars, is the fakir class. They do not actually ask for alms, but, nevertheless, what is given them provides their only means of subsistence. With regard to the fakirs it should be remembered that the so-called fakirs who exhibit themselves in the music-halls of Europe are not fakirs at all. The so-called fakirs who perform for a weekly salary paid by the management of the music-halls belong to the conjuring class, of whom there are many hundreds in India, but they are not holy men, although in some instances the tricks they perform are similar to forms of penance practised by the real fakirs.

Of such performances as lying on a bed of nails and similar practices one hears and reads a great deal, but I have no personal knowledge. There is the famous story of the fakir whose feet became encased by the root of a tree at the foot of which he

had been squatting for so long. There are stories of fakirs who have held their fingers close shut in the palms of their hands for so long that their finger-nails have grown into the flesh and penetrated the hand and have grown through from the palm to the back. There are many stories, too, of fakirs who climb ladders of sharpened swords, and one is always hearing stories of semi-miraculous tricks performed by fakirs in the presence of Europeans, but, as I have already related in another chapter of this book, one is never able to obtain first-hand evidence in India. What I have seen, however, and often and often, are the beggars belonging to the fakir class who crawl about towns and villages with twisted limbs, arms and legs so terribly contorted that one wonders how they can move at all. People go and give them a drink of water and a little food and occasionally a copper. Another class of fakir that I have seen so often is the silent and immobile fakir. One finds him near the shrines sitting cross-legged and almost naked, eyes closed just like a bronze statue. For days and nights, and nights and days he squats there, never moving, apparently never taking any nourishment. He sits on a sort of raised platform, often with a sort of awning above him, so that his body appears very much like a figure among the temple gods themselves. What is behind all these curious manifestations? Is it a fanatical form of religion? Is it a real and sincere feeling that by suffering one can approach nearer to the Divine? I do not know.

It is one of those ageless questions for which no complete answer is ever found.

The myths and legends concerning the fakirs of India are in many ways paralleled by the myths concerning jungles. Not too clear thinking and Hollywood-made pictures of India have given a confused idea of what a jungle is. I think the general conception of a jungle is a teeming mass of exotic vegetation with a monkey perched on every tree, round which is coiled a poisonous snake; alligators and crocodiles abound, while the air vibrates with the roars of lions, tigers, leopards, and panthers.

I believe, or, rather, I am perfectly willing to believe, that in certain parts of the world there may be found jungles which come up to the Hollywood standards. But even at the risk of shattering illusions I must, for the sake of my love of truth, relate that the only crocodiles I ever saw in India—outside a Zoo—were within twenty miles of Bombay. I was picnicking with some friends near a reservoir from which Bombay receives its water supply, and I was startled by a notice, "Beware of the Crocodiles". Crocodiles, it appears, are kept in the reservoir to keep the water free from the invasion of smaller and more noxious animals.

Here, in this neighbourhood of the reservoir, and within so few miles of the great city of Bombay, a tiger is occasionally shot, but only a Tartarin would suggest that tiger-shooting in the neighbourhood of Bombay is a popular pastime. Yet, as rare as lions are in India, tigers are common. English

residents in India who are keen on tiger-shooting manage to bag very considerable numbers. It is quite an ordinary thing to meet a man who has shot fifteen or twenty tigers during, say, ten years' residence in India, and this, of course, does not refer to the big organized tiger-huntings of the Indian princes. But a jungle is really nothing more in India than a forest in which there are a number of wild animals.

Poisonous snakes, of course, abound, although one has not the slightest need to go into the Indian jungle to find a snake: they have the habit of making unwelcome visits to your bungalow. You may find a small one in one of your shoes, and people who live on the outskirts of the cities often find snakes in their gardens.

The tiger is a curious animal. Police officials have told me of meeting tigers when cycling through the jungle, and have been totally disregarded by the animal. I do not suggest, of course, that it is a habit of police officials to dismount and play hide-and-seek with the black-and-yellow-striped cat. He probably pedals very hard and drinks a stiff *chota peg* as soon as he reaches his quarters.

The tigers in India have been divided into two classes, which suggests that even the animals in India have castes of their own. The two classes I mean, are the man-eating tiger and the other, who occasionally takes up his headquarters near a village and will raid the cattle. To the second class belongs the tiger who allows the cyclist to pass him

without molestation. The cattle-raiding tiger hangs about the outskirts of the village, and never attacks a man. In such cases the villagers get together and march out, banging drums and shouting and singing, and they drive the tiger away without any trouble. It may truly be said of the cattle-killer that his bark is worse than his bite; his roar will vibrate through the jungle, but in the ordinary sense he is not dangerous.

The man-eating tiger is an entirely different proposition. He will creep up like a cat and pounce on his victim, whom he carries as easily as a cat carries a mouse. Sometimes the man-eater will carry off a number of men and women victims before he is tracked down. Sometimes this class of tiger is so bold that he will even venture into a village at night and carry off sleeping people. Then inevitably a tiger-hunt is organized, not by the peasants themselves, but information is sent to the nearest known big-game hunter and preparations are made to shoot and kill the tiger, either at a water-hole when he goes to drink, or else a trap is made for him with a live buffalo tethered to a stake.

Mr. E. Thompson relates a story about Lord Curzon at a tiger-hunt. With infinite care a non-man-eating tiger had been rounded up and, scared by tom-toms, was being driven towards the gun of the Superior Person. The tom-tomming ceased; the tiger stalked into the open. Suddenly there was a sneeze and the scared tiger ran away

"Oh, Your Excellency, Your Excellency," wailed a brokenhearted Maharajah, "you ought not to have sneezed !"

"I would rather lose twenty tigers than one sneeze," replied Lord Curzon majestically.

CHAPTER XIX

MAHATMA GANDHI—SAINT OR SINNER ?

THE spectacle of Mr. Gandhi being fitted with a set of false teeth the day after it has been made known to the world that he intended to "fast unto death" is one which will undoubtedly delight historians of the future.

What is this brown, lean little man? Is he a clown, a charlatan, or is he a sincerely religious person who believes really and truly all that he says? But whether he be clown or cynic or a sincere politician, he dominates the Indian scene. He is the stormy petrel; he is the Lenin of India, and make no mistake. He is very near indeed to Lenin, because what clearly dominated the mind of that other little man, Russia's man of destiny, was beyond all else the idea to transform agricultural Russia into industrial Russia. So it is with Mr. Gandhi. His country, India, is the greatest agricultural country in the world, but instead of seeking to improve the material conditions of his people he has sown the seeds of industrial revolution. There are also vague ideas of winning freedom for India through the same

methods as the Irish are trying to win it for Ireland. Relations between Congress and the followers of de Valera, in Ireland, are of the closest. Visits are exchanged and every outward and inward mail carries letters. This I state by way of a prologue to Mr. Gandhi.

Mr. Gandhi's behaviour at the second Round Table Conference in London irritated even those who were most friendly disposed towards him. On all questions of fact he was, as ever, evasive. He annoyed Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, because he prevented Mr. Ramsay MacDonald from achieving that on which he had set his heart—the reaching out and seizing of a pact of peace between the British Government and Mr. Gandhi. I wish to state this: there are three distinct points of contact with India—I should say even four—there is Mr. Gandhi and his followers in Congress; there are the remainder of Congress who do not follow Mr. Gandhi; there are the millions of Indians who do not follow Congress and who therefore have no leader whatsoever; and, fourthly, there are the Indian princes who most certainly are not followers of Mr. Gandhi; therefore anything that Mr. Gandhi says and which the British Government accepts does not mean any real settlement. The British Government at the time of writing this book is the National Government, which undoubtedly has the most sincere desire to have peace in India, but as regards Indian affairs there is nobody but Sir John Simon in the British Government who

has anything like a realist point of view towards India.

To the British public in general Mr. Gandhi is a curiosity. Stories about his wearing apparel, his goat's milk, and his dried dates, made absorbing reading for the masses, but those who take a real deep and serious interest in Indian affairs, knowing full well the vital and supreme importance of India to the welfare and well-being of Great Britain, see a Gandhi that was entirely out of focus. Mr. Gandhi's hold on the ignorant masses in India is purely and simply a question of religion. It must be remembered that in Indian life religion governs every possible phase. There is absolutely nothing in the life of an Indian that does not touch his religion at some point or other. Mr. Gandhi, by his utterances, by his publicized life—and I say this without a sneer—has become to the Hindus more than a saint, but less of a man. He is to-day the religious leader of the Hindus. This is a point that must be absolutely understood before one can even begin to study the importance of Mr. Gandhi in the complicated puzzle of India.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Gandhi address each other by letter as "my dear friend". Here is another subject which will give the historians of the future very much to think about. Does Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the friend of Russia—"Friend of all the World" almost—does Mr. Ramsay MacDonald really take Mr. Gandhi seriously in the political sense? Is not the British Government

making the same mistake about Mr. Gandhi that the world has made about Herr Adolph Hitler? Herr Hitler's repudiation was made by newspapers; it was the stupendous publicity abroad which re-echoed in Germany and enabled Hitler to "put it over".

So it was with Mr. Gandhi. He was imprisoned by order of the Central Government of India, then he was released and came to London to attend the Round Table Conference. But I know, and unfortunately I am not allowed to state how well I know, that Mr. Gandhi did not want to go to London. One of the greatest achievements of Lord Willingdon since he was made Viceroy of India was literally to force Mr. Gandhi to go. Events fully justified the steps Lord Willingdon took, because Mr. Gandhi in London, although he irritated everybody, was an absolute failure. Had he stayed behind in India he would have been the great master mind behind the scenes, that is to say, to his followers. But London exposed him mercilessly, a hollow sham as a politician. Let us briefly retrace his journey from India to England and back again.

I went to Marseilles to meet Mr. Gandhi when he landed in Europe. His entrance was spectacular and dramatic. The great P. & O. liner backed into the harbour, and there was Mr. Gandhi, alone in the stern, bareheaded, spectacled, thin, brown, and with shaven head. A handful of Indian students on the quayside raised a shout of welcome, and Mr. Gandhi made the famous Hindu gesture of

joining his hands together and raising them just below his chin. Arrangements had been made for Mr. Gandhi to spend the day in Marseilles ; a suite of rooms had been booked in a leading hotel for him and Miss Madeleine Slade and his other followers. But Mr. Gandhi can give points to Mr. Montague Norman in publicity. He refused the suite of rooms and insisted on going to the servants' quarters on the sixth floor to rest. The Rev. Charles Andrews, who is so devoted to Mr. Gandhi, caused it to be known that Mr. Gandhi and his party wished to travel to Paris in a third-class compartment, but on the boat train there are no third-class carriages, and so Mr. Gandhi and his party had to travel in a sleeping-car, even as you and I !

Came then the luncheon given by the students, and Mr. Gandhi was photographed drinking goat's milk. Then came, in the afternoon, a reception at the students' hostel. A student made a brief address of welcome, and all that the students expected from Mr. Gandhi was a few words in reply, but to the amazement of the people, including myself, crowded in that small room, Mr. Gandhi, who had been seated in a chair, was hoisted on to a table still sitting in the chair, and there made a most astounding speech in English, which was translated into French. Had a Frenchman dared to make such a speech, most undoubtedly he would have had to face a charge of sedition. Under the guise of a plea for non-violence Mr. Gandhi advised his young hearers that when the time came for them to join the army

they should refuse to obey their officers. But it was all so cleverly done that, except for two or three French journalists who happened to be present, very few people in the audience understood the underlying meaning of this speech.

Then came London and Mr. Gandhi's dwelling in the East End; photographs in all the newspapers; appearances in all the news reels in the cinemas; paragraphs about the goat's milk and the dried dates: but people became awfully bored with Mr. Gandhi, and if he had not been received by the King-Emperor at Buckingham Palace I very much doubt if people would have remembered if Mr. Gandhi was still in England or not. Then came a visit to Lancashire, when a most interesting conversation took place between Mr. Andrew Nassmith and Mr. Gandhi, which Mr. Nassmith revealed to me during the Lancashire cotton strike in September 1932.

Mr. Nassmith is the Secretary-General of the Amalgamation of Cotton Weavers. Now, although Mr. Gandhi's policy of boycotting British goods is ruining thousands and thousands of homes in Lancashire, Mr. Gandhi is by no means unpopular among the operatives. Mr. Nassmith went to see Mr. Gandhi in Lancashire, and asked him what was the difference in the Indians being exploited, as Mr. Gandhi claims, by the British, or being exploited by the Parsees, who are the principal cotton-mill owners in Bombay. Mr. Nassmith showed and proved to Mr. Gandhi that no matter how far cotton

spinning, as a cottage industry, was developed in India, it never could compete against the factories.

"What do you propose to do about that, Mr. Gandhi?"

"I shall smash the factories," answered Mr. Gandhi.

What a marvellous industrial leader Mr. Gandhi would be, would he not?

Opinions are very much divided concerning the wisdom or otherwise of arresting Mr. Gandhi when he returned to India in January 1932 from the Round Table Conference in London. It is usually not very productive to speculate on what might have happened with regard to any particular historical incident, but if one happens to be in possession of any new fact which might have changed a situation, then speculation is not so idle. I have very high authority for stating that if Mr. Gandhi had sent a message from his homecoming ship to Lord Willingdon asking for an interview, purely and simply, then the Viceroy in his personal opinion thinks that he would have been forced to grant this interview, and then—but the rest is idle speculation; possibly another agreement would have been hammered out. But the fact remains that Mr. Gandhi made a big tactical mistake in trying sarcasm in his despatch to the Viceroy, and also more so in seeking to impose conditions.

Here is the text of Mr. Gandhi's first telegram to the Viceroy. Please note that it was sent, not from the ship, but after he had landed

I was unprepared on landing yesterday to find Frontier and U.P. Ordinances, shooting in Frontier and arrests of valued comrades in both on top of Bengal ordinance awaiting me. I do not know whether I am to regard these as an indication that friendly relations between us are closed or whether you expect me still to see you and receive guidance from you as to the course I am to pursue in advising Congress. I would esteem wire in reply.

What can possibly be put forward to defend such a message? Mr. Gandhi's knowledge of English is impeccable. The tone of his message was insulting. He must have known that no official of any standing whatsoever could possibly agree to receive him after the arrival of such a telegram. The Viceroy behaved in a very moderate and well-balanced manner. Lord Willingdon quite gently refused to discuss ordinances or anything of a similar nature while there was a threat of civil disobedience. One must beware of prejudice even when judging the smallest incidents in current Indian affairs, but one is permitted to speculate on what was really in Mr. Gandhi's mind when he sent his message to the Viceroy.

This is, perhaps, the moment to recall the outstanding event which marked Mr. Gandhi's return journey to India. This outstanding event was the notorious interview he gave in Italy. Mr. Gandhi was quoted as having said that the Round Table Conference had been the parting of the ways, that he was returning to India to launch civil

disobedience again. The interview staggered the world, and public opinion received another knock-out blow when Mr. Gandhi issued a denial of the said interview. Mr. Lloyd George once made an historic remark in Downing Street concerning the sensational interview I had in Dublin with the late Lord French. Mr. Lloyd George said : "French was foolish to have given the interview, and still more foolish to have denied that he gave it."

The same remark might very well apply to the Gandhi interview in Italy. A capable interviewer can reproduce the personality of the person he is interviewing. In the Italian interview the very phrasing of ideas was the phrasing of Mr. Gandhi. Even those who are Mr. Gandhi's warmest supporters were shocked at the denial. The Indian mind is elusive to the foreigner, and is evasive both as between Indian and Indian and between Indian and foreigner. It is possible, although, perhaps, not very probable, that Mr. Gandhi did not "grant an interview". There is always a back door in all evasive minds, be they Oriental or Occidental.

But Mr. Gandhi is reputedly reported to have made to a rather important personage in Italy a statement identical with that given to the Italian journalist. It must be remembered that in Italy all newspapers are under the absolute control of the Fascist party, and that nothing can appear which does not meet with the approval of the party, which means, of course, of the Government. So annoyed was a high personage in Italy at Mr. Gandhi's denial

that he caused a message to be sent to the British Embassy in Rome giving an assurance that the interview was entirely authentic.

The facts of the interview, and of what Lord Willingdon believes would have been his own course of action in the event of Mr. Gandhi having asked for an interview without attaching any conditions, are entirely new. I believe that in setting them down in this book they may assist in throwing some further light on a situation that has been obscure for very nearly a year.

There are two ways of forming an opinion of a man. One way, the more difficult, is trying to place oneself in the position of the person one is trying to judge; the other is to weigh up statements of importance made by the person one is judging—statements made when the person, speaking or writing, had every opportunity of himself judging the gravity of the occasion. I have culled from Mr. Gandhi's speeches and writings a number of extracts, and, while reserving to myself the right to comment on some of these statements, I would like to let the statements, as far as possible, go on record as evidence of what Mr. Gandhi has had in his mind in various stages of his career.

Mr. Gandhi contends that all that is required to enable India to produce all the cotton she needs is protection and patriotism. Patriotism, as one supposes, is the boycott of British goods, and protection means the raising of tariffs against British cotton goods, and perhaps against other foreign

goods. I have already quoted Mr. Gandhi's remarkable statement to Mr. Nassmith concerning the smashing of the factories, which appears to be somewhat in direct opposition to Mr. Gandhi's well-known plea for non-violence in the Congress campaign. Here is what Mr. Gandhi has to say about non-violence :

I do believe that where there is only choice between cowardice and violence, I would advise violence. I would rather have India resort to arms in order to defend her honour than that she would, in a cowardly manner, become or remain a helpless witness to her own dishonour. But I believe that non-violence is infinitely superior to violence, forgiveness more manly than punishment.

On another occasion Mr. Gandhi said :

We must not resort to the social boycott of our opponents. It amounts to coercion. We must patiently try to bring them round by gentle persuasion. We do not want to make people virtuous by force.

In an earlier chapter, in which I have dealt with the caste question, I sought to show the latent danger of the social boycott. The Hindus apply the social boycott to their own people. It has not, so far, been applied to Europeans in India. We have Mr. Gandhi's word that Indians must not apply the social boycott to their opponents, but we have, also, Mr. Gandhi's word that he, given a certain situation, would advise violence as opposed to non-violence. That back door to the evasive mind is useful, but at times dangerous.

Here is rather an interesting statement made

by Mr. Gandhi concerning his relations with the British :

My attitude towards the British is one of utter friendliness and respect. I claim to be their friend because it is contrary to my nature to distrust a single human being or to believe that any nation on earth is incapable of redemption. I have respect for Englishmen because I recognize their bravery, their spirit of sacrifice for what they believe to be good for themselves, their cohesion and their powers of vast organization. My hope about them is that they will at no distant date retrace their steps, revise their policy and exploitation of undisciplined and ill-organized races, and give tangible proof that India is an equal friend and partner in the British Commonwealth to come.

On June 22nd, 1920, Mr. Gandhi, writing to the then British Viceroy, said :

The only course open to one like me is either, in despair, to sever all connection with British rule, or, if I still retain faith in the inherent superiority of the British constitution to all others at present in vogue, to adopt such means as will rectify the wrong done and thus restore confidence. I have not lost faith in such superiority and I am not without hope that somehow or other justice will yet be rendered, if we show requisite capacity for suffering.

In the winter of 1921 Mr. Gandhi wrote again :

I have repeatedly said that this movement is not intended to drive out the English ; it is intended to end or mend the system they have forced upon us.

Mr. Gandhi seems to contradict himself with the following statement :

We must make it clear to the British people that, whilst we desire to retain the British connection, if we can rise to our

full height with it, we are determined to dispense with and even to get rid of that connection, if that is necessary for full international development.

It is extremely hard to probe Mr. Gandhi's evasive mind. He does not intend to drive us out of India, but he does intend to end or mend the system—British rule—which has been imposed on India. A little later he is not going to "mend" the system, but he is going to dispense with it and even get rid of it. Mr. Gandhi accuses Great Britain of having made India poorer in wealth. That is a statement which is absolute rubbish. The standard of life in India is terribly low ; it is just as low in China—but are we British responsible for the low standard of living in China? Then Mr. Gandhi omits to make any reference to the standard of health. British rule in India has not only raised the standard of health but it is continuing to raise it. Plague has gradually been reduced ; the dreaded cholera is grappled with. The death rate has been decreased by tens of thousands, and the very fact the British Raj has raised the health standard has, in a certain degree, depreciated the wealth standard because it has increased innumerable the population, which has automatically overcrowded the labour market. So it is with the Indian famine. Then as to irrigation and works, such as the Lloyd Barrage, whoever hears of Indian famine now? In the times of famine British people started the Lord Mayor's Fund for famine relief. No famine, again, means fewer deaths, which again has an indirect result on the wealth

of India. We have tackled hygiene. We have benefited India in hundreds of necessary ways. Now, unless hampered and hindered by Congress, we can help with the wealth standard. But not while Mr. Gandhi's idea of non-violence is boycott and disorder.

CHAPTER XX

MR. GANDHI AT HOME

WHILE Mr. Gandhi went through with his "fasting unto death" and living in comfortable circumstances, and while his health and general well-being were the daily care of the British Government, roughly 35,000 of Mr. Gandhi's followers filled the prisons of India. Of this number possibly five per cent. know why they have gone to jail ; I mean to say they have gone to jail for a cause in which they believe. The vast majority, however, have gone to jail because they believe in Mr. Gandhi, but not one per cent., probably, of all the men and women jailed in India for political offences have the slightest idea of what it is that Mr. Gandhi wants. Does Mr. Gandhi himself really know what he wants? I very much doubt it. Time and time again he has wandered off in circles of thought, always coming back to the same point.

In arguments and in political negotiation it is always well to keep the main point in view and to argue towards a goal, but Mr. Gandhi has never yet been able to put down on a piece of paper what exactly it is he wants. To drive the British out of

India is the ultimate object of Congress, but it is open to great doubt whether Mr. Gandhi himself really wishes to go as far as the most radical of his followers. "India demands the right to make her own mistakes," His Highness the Aga Khan once said to me. But, though born in the East, His Highness lives in the West, and his mind is attuned far more to the Western ideas than to Indian ideas. Mr. Gandhi, on the other hand, has, if any conception at all, the very faintest of what is in the minds of members of the British Government with whom he negotiates.

Mr. Gandhi finds it impossible to believe that anybody else is right ; in other words, he is convinced that he is always right. Progress along these lines is impossible. Nobody suggests that India does not need reforms in Government. In many cases the political machine is out of date, but Mr. Gandhi is unable to see progress as the Western mind understands it. Living in the past, dwelling always on matters which would be best forgotten, breeds great discontent, but when India claims, through the mouth of Mr. Gandhi, that she, Mother India, is Mother of Science, Mother of the Arts, Mother of Philosophy, Mother of Religion, and Mother of Civilization, one may be permitted to smile.

India claims that 5,000 years ago she had well-planned and well-drained cities, in which every house had a bathroom. She claims that the science of medicine originated in India ; that surgery was

practised in ancient India ; that there were scientists in India skilled in all branches of higher mathematics ; that algebra came from India ; that astronomy was practised in India 3,000 B.C. That by no means includes all the extravagant claims that India makes. Naturally in the dim and dusty past there were attempts made in various directions, by Indians, to raise the standard of culture. But even if there were ten thousand times as much evidence of this, would that be sufficient to accept the India of to-day as a sub-continent inhabited by people ready to govern themselves? A query put in this form sounds fantastic, but it is no more fantastic than the claim Mr. Gandhi is understood to make. If Mr. Gandhi means anything at all he means that India should be handed over to the Indians. He is willing that the British Army should remain in India so long as it remains under the control of Congress. Another fantastic idea.

One would like to picture Mr. Gandhi at home as a man who studies how best he may help his own people. Yet it is very difficult to find any evidence that Mr. Gandhi ever does anything of the kind. One would like to think of Mr. Gandhi surrounded by books by famous writers of all nations, learning all that the world can tell him about economics and other matters which a leader of influence in India should know. Herewith I give a list of books in Mr. Gandhi's library in his seminary, or *ashram*, as it is called, at Ahmedāvad. The list was

compiled by an intimate friend of mine who went especially to India to study Mr. Gandhi's teachings. Perhaps it is necessary to say that my friend is a firm believer in Mr. Gandhi. These are the books he saw :

Married Love, by Dr. Marie Stopes.

Reversed Councils and other Organised Plunders, by Krishnamurthi Iyer.

Right Food, The Right Remedy, by C. C. Froude.

The Fast Way to Health, by McCoy.

Food Science for All, by M. Bircher-Benner.

The Art of Creation, by Edward Carpenter.

Civilization, Its Cause and Cure, by Edward Carpenter (two copies).

The Science of Power, by Benjamin Kidd.

The Subjection of Women, by Mill.

My friend states there were a number of volumes in the vernacular about Indian religion, but he saw no books at all either about Government finance or economics. A library should be a compendium of the owner's mind.

The last book on the list is of particular and peculiar interest to all those interested in Mr. Gandhi's home life. Mr. Gandhi informed a friend of mine that since the birth of his son twenty-two years ago he had kept to his vow of chastity. Mr. Gandhi is an object of veneration among numerous women, only a few of whom have ever been known to the public. It is inevitable that when one thinks of Mr. Gandhi one must think of Miss M. Jane Slade, the Englishwoman daughter of Admiral Slade, who became a convert to

and has given up her life to follow the fortunes and to be the leading disciple of Mr. Gandhi.

At the moment of writing Miss Slade is once more in prison. Prison is not a particularly new experience to Miss Slade, and one really wonders why she does go to prison. No doubt Miss Slade has been of considerable use to Mr. Gandhi as a companion and a supporter, but Miss Slade by no means possesses the confidence of Congress, and, as one prominent Indian remarked : "I call it damn cheek of any Englishwoman to pretend to know my country better than I do." Miss Slade, like many converts, is more royalist than the King.

In India one hears many stories of the relationship between Mr. Gandhi and Miss Slade. The majority of these tales one can, I think, safely disregard. There remains in my memory, however, a story told me by an English friend of mine in Delhi. He had been asked to go and see Mr. Gandhi, and Mr. Gandhi received him in the presence of Miss Slade. Mr. Gandhi was squatting on the ground outside his house and eating his breakfast of dates and milk. Miss Slade sat beside him with a fly-swatter in her hand and kept swatting flies on Mr. Gandhi while he ate and talked. Miss Slade, it will be recalled, changed her name, when she became a convert to Hinduism, to Mira Ben.

Mr. Gandhi talked to my friend. Miss Madeleine Slade swatted flies.

"Don't do that, Mira Ben," said Mr. Gandhi

gently. Miss Slade took no notice, but went on swatting flies.

"Don't do that, Mira Ben," said Mr. Gandhi, still gently. Miss Slade still continued swatting flies.

"Shut up, Miss Slade !" shouted Mr. Gandhi.

She did.

A beautiful young American girl, Nila Cram Cook, followed the example of Miss Slade and became a disciple of Mr. Gandhi. Miss Cook married a young Greek aristocrat who lives in Athens and from whom she is now separated. They have a son four years old. Miss Cook lives at Dal Lase, in the happy valley of Kashmir, with her little son, to whom she has bequeathed all her worldly possessions.

In order to try to become a member of Mr. Gandhi's *ashram* Miss Cook took the necessary oath of chastity. Miss Cook planned to meet Mr. Gandhi at the holy city of Benares. Mr. Gandhi was arrested shortly before the proposed meeting took place. Nevertheless, Miss Cook, on her twenty-second birthday, bathed herself in the waters of the River Ganges and became an adherent to the Hindu religion. Miss Cook chose that day for her conversion because of the stars, which she claims to have a special significance to her.

"Ever since I began studying the philosophies of the religions of India, in Greece, in my girlhood, I have longed for release from the bondage of earthly existence," she said, "and I think my salvation is in the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi, whom I regard

as another Christ." Dressed in flowing Grecian robes, shoeless, hatless, and stockingless, Miss Cook goes about attracting very considerable attention because of her astonishing beauty. Like Miss Slade, Miss Cook adopted Mr. Gandhi's diet of cereals and goat's milk.

It is not only among European women that Mr. Gandhi attracts attention. He has innumerable followers among the women of his own country. Yet the woman who, before Miss Slade, played the greatest part in Mr. Gandhi's life may be called the Woman Nobody Knows: she is Mrs. Gandhi. In March 1932 Mrs. Gandhi came out of prison after receiving her first sentence, which was forty-five days. I wanted to see Mrs. Gandhi, but it was a difficult task, as it took certain persons in close touch with Congress affairs three days to locate her. She was at last traced to where I interviewed her—a top-floor flat in an apartment house overlooking the foot of Malabar Hill, and which is opposite a Hindu temple.

"How were you treated in prison?" was my first question. Mrs. Gandhi, a little woman hardly more than four feet in height, smoothed her black-bordered sari and replied, "Not too well. Of course," she smiled, "as the Mahatma's wife they gave me special treatment, and I was a grade A prisoner," said she proudly.

We sat on the balcony in the rapidly growing dusk. Mrs. Gandhi speaks little or no English, so all the conversation had to be translated. Our

party on the balcony, which began with Mrs. Gandhi, myself, and an interpreter, began to swell. First appeared a spectacled young woman, who kept interrupting with her prison experiences when she did six months. Then there was a young girl who wanted to tell me how she and four other girls had "their modesty interfered with" by the police, and finally a spectacled youth who kept shouting in my left ear, "What about those atrocities on the North-West Frontier?"

Mrs. Gandhi was barefooted, and on each thin arm wore a bracelet of spun glass.

I understand her age is about fifty-five, but with her sparse grey hair she looks, according to European standards, in the late 'sixties. Mrs. Gandhi is full of minor prison complaints, from the lack of salt to a statement of how badly a number of young girls were treated by the gaolers, who, according to her, caught them by the back of their necks, threw them to the ground, and tore their saris.

"Did you actually see this occur?" I asked.

Mrs. Gandhi paused for a few seconds, and then said, "One girl showed me her torn sari."

From this point of the conversation there was a deafening din from the temple opposite—the beating of drums, clashing of cymbals, and ringing of bells—and the youth continued to shout, "What about those atrocities?"

"You saw the Mahatma recently; how did you find him?" I queried.

"He said he felt all right, but I said to him, 'Why, I can see your bones.' But he said he was quite well. He had changed his diet, having given up goat's milk, and was now living on dried grapes and orange juice."

"What did he think of Miss Slade's arrest?" I asked.

"I said to him, 'They've taken Mira Ben away,' and he said, 'Yes, they've taken her away.' He knew all about it. He knows all about everything. He told me she would be arrested, and everything he foretold has happened in every way."

"How about those atrocities?" yelled the youth, while the din opposite rose like a thunderclap.

"What are your plans now, madam?" I asked. "Do you expect to go back to prison?"

"My plans are to continue to work for the Motherland," she answered. "Service for the Motherland and all that befalls us is God's will, and we must bear it patiently, and I am ready for whatever happens."

Mrs. Gandhi rose with me and clasped her hands in a Hindu farewell, while the youth, not to be denied, insisted about those atrocities.

"Well, what about them?" I answered, speaking to him for the first time.

He stared hard at me for a moment.

"Did you see them?" I asked.

"No."

"Do you personally know anybody who did?"

"No."

“Boy,” I said, “there is only one element I have never seen and in which I believe.”

“What is that?” he exclaimed.

“Wind,” I made answer, and bowed my way out.

Once upon a time, so the story goes, Mr. Gandhi found that Mrs. Gandhi had hoarded a hundred rupces, so as an act of penance Mr. Gandhi started a fast. I hope it kept fine for him.

CHAPTER XXI

AN AMERICAN LOOKS AT INDIA

ONE of the most interesting changes which have come over world opinion concerning British rule in India and the rights and wrongs of the Indian question is the gradual, but very apparent, change of opinion in certain circles in the United States. Certainly until the end of 1931 the American newspapers gave the greatest possible publicity to any item of news from India that was detrimental to the British. Now one notices that public opinion in the United States is beginning to realize that there are most emphatically two sides to this problem.

I have a very close friend, Mr. J. W. T. Mason, who all his life has been deeply interested in Oriental affairs, and was Vice-President of the Hindu Society in New York. At the end of 1931 Mr. Mason went to India to study conditions on the spot. I know Mr. Mason will not mind if I say that he went to India firmly convinced that the Indians had right and reason on their side when they demanded that they should throw off the yoke of British rule. Mr. Mason went to India armed with powerful letters of introduction; he was in the

rare position of being able to hear both sides : Indian and British. He was received by the Vice-roy, by British Governors, by Indian princes, whose guest he was. North, south, east, and west he travelled, talking with everybody, high and low. Mr. Mason arrived in London when Mr. Gandhi was there at the second Round Table Conference. He spent several hours with Mr. Gandhi at Miss Muriel Lester's hostel in the East End of London. Mr. Mason sailed for India firmly believing that Mr. Gandhi was a very great man, not only spiritually great, but great in the sense that the world accepts as the meaning of the word. Mr. Mason met Mr. Gandhi again in India. He was not so impressed as he was the first time, but I will not anticipate what Mr. Mason has to say. Here is a report from Mr. Mason on the situation in India as he found it :

India needs not a political revolution, but an industrial and spiritual revolution directed by the Indians themselves against themselves. Self-government, which is soon coming to India, will not solve India's complicated problems. The only enduring solution must come from a complete change in the points of view of the great masses of India concerning the responsibilities of life and the requirements of progress. If India is to recover her past greatness, the gross misinterpretations of the splendid spiritual philosophies of the Hindus, which now dominate the country, will have to give place to right interpretations of creative action. No outside power can do this for India. There will have to be a change of the cultural current, or India will degenerate even further than she already has done.

In the village of Midrakur, near Agra, one of the said to me in a sudden impassioned burst of feeling : “

dying. Gandhi is our greatest man since Krishna, but he is not doing anything for us. Unless we change, we shall perish. Our caste, our social system, our marriage system must be abolished. We are being forced every year to live on less and less. We are an exterminating race. It is terrible to live through this period of our history."

The man had retired from work and had returned to his village to end his days. He had been out in the world of Indian affairs and, by self-education, had developed a capacity for shrewd judgment. But let me quote also what one of the leading Hindu professors of religion at one of the principal Indian universities said during a discussion with other professors, at which I was present :

"The spiritual leaders of India from the time of Krishna to the very present have all been cowards. They have refused to attack our devastating social system in its entirety. Even Buddha allowed the rulers to enter the Buddhist monasteries against monastic rules. India is just a Zoo, a menagerie. Our people live in different cages, called castes, and do not associate together as the people of a nation should do. We have taken to caste as if there was something in our country that forced it on us. First there were four castes and now with their subdivisions there are perhaps two thousand. Even the British in India have formed their caste, and so have the Christians. We must sweep all away, or what will become of us?"

Repeatedly I have heard people in India say the same thing, with some variations of detail. But there is no leadership as yet to come forth and lead a great crusade against the course of over-individualism, which is India's curse. Division and subdivision reign everywhere. To call India a nation is to use a meaningless word in this country. Hindu philosophy teaches that individuality is an illusion of the mind; yet Indians are the most individualistic people in the world. They do not know what true co-operation and co-ordination mean. Gandhi, with his Nationalist Congress, preaching non-co-operation, is but reflecting the spirit which in large measure has been responsible for India's downfall during the centuries.

Everywhere in India one sees evidence of non-co-operation among the people themselves. Moslems and Hindus bitterly denounce each other; the Sikhs talk against the Hindus; one

caste will not marry into another, nor one sub-division of caste into another sub-division. One of the leaders of intellectual progress in Calcutta is Dr. S. N. Das Gupta, whose broad-mindedness equals that of any other scholar with whom I have talked in the West. He was recently appointed Principal of the famous Sanscrit College, but there was an outcry against the appointment by the Brahman community, because a Brahman always had held the post in the past, and Dr. Das Gupta is a Baidya, a sub-division, through intermarriage, of the Brahman caste which is not fully recognized by the Brahmin.

I have travelled through the larger part of India, visited the principal cities and many villages and talked with hundreds of Indians from the very highest ranks to the lowest. Among them are men and women of the highest ideals and intellectual ideals whose friendship I consider is an honour to hold. But, of India's 350,000,000 people, 325,000,000 cannot read or write; and through this mass of uneducated humanity runs a strain of superstition, indolence, and social inertia which is appalling. One village does not want what the next village desires, and neither will change, which, as a Hindu economist told me, is one reason why mass production is an impossibility for the present in India.

I talked to a travelling merchant from Kashmir who visited my hotel in Jaipur. He was a Hindu and he said: "In Kashmir the greatest part of the people are Moslems and they constantly oppress the Hindus. It is terrible for us."

I talked to another travelling merchant from Kashmir who came to my hotel in Lahore. He was a Moslem, and he said: "In Kashmir the ruler is a Hindu and they appoint only Hindus to the most important posts. They constantly oppress us Moslems. It is so hard to endure."

The same tale everywhere. "Why do you maintain *purdah* in your homes?" I asked one of the great Hindu merchants of Delhi. He said: "It is because of the Moslems. If we do not safeguard our women by *purdah*, the Moslems would take them."

There have been many cases of Moslems kidnapping Hindu women who do not maintain *purdah*.

As for the Moslems, *purdah* is continued by them they fear one another's encroachment. It is as if you were invited with your wife to the fine house of a Hindu

to discover that no women of the household are present. They remain concealed in their own apartments. A Scotch woman, who lived over twenty years in India and whose husband is a clergyman in one of the Indian cities, said to me : "Why should I go into Hindu homes when the women maintain *purdah* and will not receive me ? They keep themselves isolated and probably are thinking that I am a bold hussy to mix with men not of my immediate family."

I asked a Hindu woman, a university graduate who had rejected *purdah*, whether she goes with her husband to the homes of British friends. She said : "Certainly not. Why should I go when they will not come to my home ? I recently asked three British women to dinner and they said they could not come because they were afraid of typhoid ! They do not realize that they and we get our food from the same markets, that our kitchens are much cleaner than theirs, because we know how to supervise our native servants better."

So the lack of co-ordination in India spreads to the grave detriment of the growth of any true nationalistic spirit.

I have been in the homes of some Indians where there are all modern conveniences and where the greatest attention is paid to the conditions of health and cleanliness and comfort. They are the exceptions. They show what India can become if the change of culture they have undergone becomes general. But it is not general now, and there is no indication of it becoming general in the near future. If you ask why, the Indian will usually say : "What can we do ? We are a poor nation."

But a nation is poor or rich in proportion to the intelligence it applies to productive technique and progressive ways of development. Hindu economists have told me that India is potentially one of the wealthiest countries of the world and that not one part of her resources has yet been tapped. That being so, India has no right to believe that she is poor. Rather she should believe that she is indolent and so largely indifferent to improvement.

Benares is the spiritual centre of India. The Ganges is India's most holy river, where thousands of devotees bathe daily in order to purify themselves spiritually in the muddy and insanitary stream. Yet, with all the attention India gives to Benares and the Ganges, the only way of crossing over to the

opposite bank, not more than half a mile distant, is by a one-way pontoon bridge. There is a steel railway bridge too, with narrow footpaths, and when the rainy season makes the pontoon bridge useless, such traffic as can, is allowed to use the railway bridge. My motor-car waited ten minutes to cross the pontoon bridge, while a long line of ox-carts and camels crossed over in the opposite direction. Has any other city of 300,000, or even 30,000 inhabitants, anywhere in civilization, only a one-way bridge to cross a stream? I never heard of a one-way bridge before reaching Benares. This holy city of the Hindus has 236 names in its telephone directory by my count, a condition that naturally accompanies, I suppose, its pontoon apology for river crossing. Yet, the Benares Hindu University boasts of the finest engineering college in India. Why do not the students exercise their technical skill in their own university town?

Well, that raises another point. In Bombay the Indian Economic Congress was in session while I was there, the delegates being Indians from leading colleges and universities of the country. I asked about the technical training of Indians, and this is what the professors said: "No university in India has a fully equipped Technological Institute. We send our students abroad and they acquire as much technical skill and show as much understanding of engineering in all its branches as do the European students. But when they return home there is nothing for them to do. They are lost. Positions are seldom open for them here, and it is still considered somewhat derogatory socially for them to work, since they might soil their hands in doing so. Our leading families want their sons to go in clerical positions where they can keep their hands clean, or into Governmental service, which carries a certain prestige."

I asked an economist whose speciality is agricultural economics whether the villages are equally held to tradition of their own making. He said: "Our villagers are ultra-conservative. They will not change their ways of life. There can be no hope for India until the village life is improved, and yet improvement is abhorred by them. The only way to change them, I believe, would be for educated people from the cities to live in the villages, months at a time, and tell the farmers how in other countries much better conditions of living prevail, because better ways of agriculture are used. But if the villagers

suspect that they are being instructed formally in new ways they will reject the device. It will be necessary to get the idea of improving their lot gradually into their minds, so that they will seem to realize what they could do for themselves as if the realization came from themselves. Our villagers are like that."

Throughout India I have seen, times without number, three men and two oxen used to draw a bucket of water from a well. All day long, while the demand for water continues, the five go on with their task. Repeatedly I have said to Indian friends that there is no proof of the way matter has overwhelmed India because the men of India have not learned how to conquer matter and make it obedient to humanity's will. A little iron from a hillside fashioned into a machine, with a small amount of electricity, will draw the water more efficiently and in much larger quantities than the three men and the two oxen. But India has been taught by the misinterpreters of her spiritual philosophy that matter is illusory and evil and desires should be overcome in this world, not multiplied.

"If you have no desires there will be no work for others," I have said to Hindus. "If there is no work, poverty will increase. Do you want increasing poverty for your country?"

No, they do not. They want a new era of prosperity; but there are no leaders to come forward to preach that doctrine. There is no real incentive to progress among the mass, nor can there be any until India's debasing ways of living, as far as the greater numbers of people are concerned, are overthrown.

For century after century India has been living on its past. The people, in general, seem to believe that all knowledge was gained by the Hindu seers thousands of years ago and nothing new could ever be learned. The emphasis in Hindu thought on changelessness has had a vicious effect on India's productive powers. It is not improper for the philosophers to discuss this very intricate and involved matter; but it is a check on progress and a devastating blot on humanism when those who have not any technical training in philosophy adopt changelessness as the creed of their ignorance. India needs to have her soul stirred by a desire for change. If the Indian soul has become so atrophied by changelessness as to be unable to break from the enslaving bond, there is no hope for the country's future.

In past ages India had right understanding of the way her culture ought to expand, but not now.

I discussed the matter with Tagore in his beautiful home amid the suburban quarters of Calcutta, and he said :

"It was not always like the present. When Buddhism was in flower in India we had a great art of deep interest in spirituality and at the same time we accomplished things in the world of practical affairs. But that is past."

Tagore told me he believes the most pressing need of India is a new interest in material progress. At his school at Bolpur, he is trying to instruct, not only his students in culture, but also the peasants in the use of tractors. But there are so few Tagores in India.

To believe the politicians will open the way is to live in a dream. I asked Tagore whether he has any hope that the politicians would regenerate India when self-government comes. He said :

"You in the West know that it is not so. But you know it because you have had experience of it. The people here do not know. They must learn by experience as you have learnt."

There is too much mysticism in India ; too little self-trust. In the laboratory of Sir C. Raman, India's greatest scientist, we were talking together about the subject, and Raman, too, said India can save herself only by devoting her efforts to material progress. He had returned that morning from Cuttack, where he had delivered an address the day before to the students of Ravenshaw College, on science.

"The students escorted me to my train," he said, "and asked me for a final message. I wrote one word, underlined it several times and handed it to them. The word was : WORK. That is what India needs, WORK."

Raman also told me a Hindu had recently written him complaining that in his lectures he says so very little about metaphysics. Raman added :

"I replied in four lines. I said that for centuries India and China have devoted themselves to metaphysics ; and you can find the result in every morning's newspaper."

When I visited the home of Sir Jagadish Bose, the great biologist who has discovered a nervous organism in plants, he paused as he led the way into his laboratory and pointed to a

bronze plaque of a woman holding a lighted lamp, which he had inserted in the wall of his outer garden. He said :

"We must look on woman as the light-bearer, not as our plaything. If we regard woman as evil, as the Middle Ages did, then she begins to think she really is evil. If we look on her as the light-bearer, as the Protectress and the Eternal Mother, then *she thinks of herself that way and it is better*. It is psychological; and we must look up to woman, to help her as well as ourselves."

Lady Bose is one of the leaders of the new movement in India to raise the level of womanhood, and she has done much to help the cause. But there is no wide national change in the attitude of the men of India towards womanhood. Pioneers are at work, and that is all that can be said for the present.

Tagore, Bose, and Raman are all winners of the Nobel Prize. They all live in Calcutta, the intellectual centre of India. Calcutta is the capital of Bengal, and the rest of India is inclined to be jealous of the Bengalis because they are considered to be more intellectually advanced than the people of any other province. There are movements here and there to keep the Bengalis out of public affairs in other parts of India ; and Bengal is beginning to raise the cry, in retaliation, of "Bengal for the Bengalis". It is characteristic of India that there should be this individualistic and non-co-operative tendency even in provincial relations. I asked in Calcutta, whether the Indian capital would be moved back to Calcutta from Delhi because of Calcutta's prominence and accessibility. I was told :

"The rest of India would prevent it. Bombay, especially, would block any such move, for Bombay is jealous of Bengal's commercial strength. When the capital was moved to Delhi, there was much satisfaction in other parts of India at the thought that Bengal would lose prestige and trade. That feeling continues."

How can India expect a nationalistic greatness under such conditions of rivalry ?

'There are appalling wrecks of human beings all over India. It is impossible to imagine that hell itself has any such punishments as India has inflicted on her offspring by lack of proper precautions at childbirth. Cripples, crawling on hands and knees, unable to walk upright ; men and women with arms and legs in unbelievably twisted conditions ; faces frightfully

deformed ; lepers pointing piteously to the marks of their disease—these haunt you as you walk the streets. There is no adequate control over the lepers. They come and go, without hindrance, where they please. You toss them a compassionate coin, and then you remember that the coin will be returned to general circulation, perhaps tainted with the infection.

No attempt to relieve the distress of the human cripples in the streets, but large sums of money spent annually to support useless animals. I asked why.

"The animals, when they are ill, or have broken bodies," I was told, "cannot find any means of supporting themselves. But they must be allowed to live their lives to the natural ending, for they are reincarnations of past lives and it is the divine will that no life be taken by man. You would not kill a human being because he had a broken leg or has an incurable complaint. Why, then, kill an animal?"

Ahmedabad is Gandhi's town, where his Ashram is situated. When I was there I visited the Ashram and was told that the police, the day before, had closed the Gandhi College, about half a mile away from the Ashram. It was explained to me that the professors had been arrested and the students turned out. I sent to the College to see what was going on. I enquired about the students and the professors, being surprised to find that there were a number of attaches about and no sign of the police. One of the professors came to my motor-car and said to me : "We closed the College ourselves two years ago when Gandhi began his present campaign. We have been keeping a few of our staff here to give information about the campaign. This really has been Gandhi's headquarters for two years. He addresses people here and does his planning here."

"Do you agitate for complete independence?" I asked.

"Yes, we do," came the answer. "We are doing all we can for it. They have arrested several of us for it, and perhaps the arrest of the rest of us may come at any time."

I quote this incident to show how extraordinarily difficult it is in India to get practical and exact information. The people at Gandhi's Ashram ought to have been familiar with the Gandhi College, half a mile away. But, instead, the College had been closed by the Gandhi campaign years ago, so that it could be used as the tail

sedition agitation for full independence, they said the police had closed it the day before.

"Even the professor at the College who said the Gandhi organization was working for independence did not know the facts. I have been told a number of times in India by people in the closest association with Gandhi that he does not want independence, but that there are many extremists in the Nationalist Congress who do. The Nationalist agitators are themselves as unable to co-operate as is India generally. Non-co-operation has caused much weakening of their activities.

I had a talk with Gandhi and tried to get from him his meaning of freedom. I said to him :

"Is it not true that in India freedom means freedom from individuality ; freedom from desires ; freedom from this material life in order to unite with the Spiritual All ?"

Gandhi, with a pleased expression, nodded affirmatively, adding :

"Yes, that is so."

Then I asked :

"Is it not true that in the West freedom means freedom to develop individuality ; freedom to increase desires ; and freedom to overcome the obstacles of desires so that we may make matter serve our wills ?"

Gandhi's mood of acquiescence instantly changed. He turned his head away, saying :

"There are many ways of interpreting freedom."

I asked again :

"Is not your desire for political freedom nearer to our Western interpretation of freedom than the Indian interpretation of freedom ?"

Gandhi answered, "I have no time to discuss it" ; though in fact there was considerable time and I had been assured that Gandhi would be at liberty for a discussion.

This brief conversation shows how Gandhi has got the reputation, when negotiations of practical value are going on, of being constantly evasive. As we of the West understand straightforward, practical discussions for a definite end, Gandhi is continuously evasive ; but in India people do not like to be pinned down to practical facts. Our own Western sense of exactitude is due basically to our interest in the practical affairs

of life and to the necessity for exactness in our scientific and utilitarian training. The Indian lacks this. Gandhi lacks it, and that is why Gandhi cannot lead India out of its present morass. Let me quote the words of one of Gandhi's closest advisers in economics and finance, who is sometimes called the economic brain behind the Gandhi-Congress movement. During the course of a conversation of over an hour with him in Bombay, he said :

"Gandhi has great spiritual power over the Indian mind, but he is a child in problems of politics. He knows nothing about economics and finance. He does not study them, for he does not concentrate his mind for any length of time on any subject. He does not like to discipline himself mentally, but does so physically. He is absolutely against material progress, but, without seeming to see the paradox, he makes constant use of the telephone and motor-car. It will be impossible to follow him when India starts to develop her industries as she will do some day."

I asked whether Gandhi accepts advice readily.

"He says to you," was the reply, "that he will listen to you if you will not be offended should he not take your advice. He says otherwise he does not want you to advise him. He wants to be the judge, himself, of what to do. He is open to argument on almost anything, except that he has two absolutely fundamental beliefs about which he will hear no discussion whatever. The first is that there is a personal God who is directing human life ; the second is that God enters in Gandhi's mind and directs him by immediate inspiration, and answers Gandhi's prayers. He believes God speaks through him. I, as a scientific student of finance and economics, cannot accept this doctrine ; but I am compelled to say that there have been occasions when Gandhi has absolutely astonished me by suddenly showing a knowledge of some intricate affair about which I know he has not studied, but concerning which he seems to have gained the intimate details. I cannot explain it."

Gandhi believes in reincarnation. Whether he believes that he himself is now semi-divine I have asked of Indians many times without receiving satisfactory answers. Certainly many of the ignorant people of India do so look upon him. When he addresses crowds, he does not stand as others do, but he sits, cross-legged. In India to sit that way while

is the way of a ruler or of a god. Hindus say that Gandhi is allowed this privilege because he is old and weak ; but there is a definite mysticism in his squatting position which certainly awes large numbers of the uneducated.

Whether Gandhi's prestige is now declining in India is difficult to say. That it must soon begin to be questioned by increasing numbers is certain. I have talked about Gandhi time and again among the people. His spiritual hold is definitely established among the millions of Hindus. They call him Gandhi-ji because the ji (pronounced gee) signifies a revered spiritual master. But when I have brought the conversation round to practical matters and have asked whether the people have faith in Gandhi as a practical leader, many times I have been told that in practical affairs he cannot be followed. Certainly there have been comparatively few serious disturbances following his arrest this year, compared with the numerous outbreaks that resulted when he was taken into custody after his salt march. Gandhi is working for a return to even more primitive simplicity of living than India now has. He is a sort of spiritual Jean-Jacques Rousseau, seeking to influence mankind to go back to Nature and live by the spirit alone. If India follows that course her days are numbered. I believe more and more Indians are beginning to realize that fact, but not as yet with sufficient conviction for any new movement, along progressive lines, to take on where Gandhi has failed.

It is very doubtful whether the mass of the people would harken to the truth or be able to understand it at the present time. Two or three generations of slow realization may be necessary before the real facts of India's grave backwardness in the modern world gets into the minds of the listless millions and starts them thinking. I have been told many times in India that the people would turn away if they were told that they are endangering India's future by continuing their present social customs.

"We do not like to come out openly and discuss these things," one person said to me. "There is a certain reluctance in the Indian mentality about taking active offensives. Our temperament is more of the passive type, and we have not developed any large intensity of effort in seeking to further the reforms which we know are necessary."

There is, for instance, the question of the rapacity of the Indian moneylender. I have been informed by the editor of one of the principal Indian newspapers that India pays three to four times as much money annually to moneylenders as in taxation. I was told by an Englishman that a clerk in his employ, with the high salary of 1,000 rupees (£75) per month, had never been out of debt during the nine years of his present employment. "He has six daughters," I was told, "and he has married off four of them at a cost of 60,000 rupees (£4,500) or five full years' salary."

I repeated this story to a Hindu friend who knew the clerk in question. He said: "I do not think he paid 60,000 rupees. He probably exaggerated to his English employer. But certainly he paid 30,000 to 40,000 rupees to marry off his four daughters."

Even at the lowest figure, the cost of marriage in India is one of the worst crimes chargeable against the country's culture. Everybody is involved in the evil. One of the girls of the unfortunate clerk was married to a native judge occupying a high-court post in one of the chief cities of India. From the judiciary down to the lowest peasant, the custom flourishes. In one of the villages, where I talked with the natives, a man of thirty was pointed out to me.

"He is willing to pay 400 rupees for a bride," I was told, "but he cannot get one because the girl's father wants more. Four hundred rupees are his maximum, because he is earning only 20 rupees a month."

I asked why the prospective bridegroom would have to pay for the girl instead of the girl's father paying to get rid of her. The reply was:

"In the cities, where there are many girls, the father usually pays. In the villages, in many cases, the case is different. There are too few brides in the villages belonging to any particular man's special sub-caste. He must take a girl of his own sub-caste or his fellows would throw him out. The demand is greater than the supply, and hence the husband pays and the girl's father keeps part of the money for himself."

A funeral may cost as much as 1,000 rupees for a poor family, much of the money being expended on a caste feast after the corpse has been buried for some two weeks. To get the money, recourse must be had to the moneylender, often the only

man in the village of any education at all. He finances the villagers in all their undertakings and gets in interest as much as he can collect, perhaps as high as 75 to 100 per cent.

If an effort were made to abolish the moneylender, the natives would believe they were being cruelly treated. He is as much a part of the social system as is religious observance. And in some of the religious practices India is in the Druidic stage of primitive culture. In Calcutta, at the great Kali temple, I saw goats bought at two rupees each from the temple shed, taken into the temple courtyard and beheaded, while mongrel curs loafed about and lapped the blood as it shot out on the filthy pavement. Thirty to forty goats are thus sacrificed daily by worshippers who hope to gain favour with Kali, the wife of Siva, the deity of destruction in the Hindu trinity of controlling gods. I have seen a procession of yellow-robed men and women headed by a screeching Hindu band parade the streets of Madras, receiving coins from the natives with which to buy goats for the Kali sacrifice, so that Kali may safeguard the donors from cholera during the coming summer.

On the other hand, I have seen in the splendid Rama Krishna Mission, at Benares, fine monks of the order who are devoting their lives to social service. For them the practice of Yoga consists not in intellectualism and isolation from humanity, but in the continuous performance of charitable deeds among the poor. But such movements are inconspicuous; and if they are making headway against the animal-like ways of living of the people generally, there is no outward sign of it.

In India one hears constantly the word "sacrifice". The people must sacrifice themselves for this cause or that. Gandhi, so I have been told repeatedly, is understood best by the people when his character as a man of sacrifice is drawn to their attention. Gandhi's ideal, indeed, is continuity of sacrifice. I believe this is a fundamental Hindu trait, due to the false path taken by Hindu religious worship. The sacrifice about which the people talk and which Gandhi demands is basically a way of appealing to the gods, somewhat as the Kali priests kill goats to prevent cholera. The continuous insistence on sacrifice among Indians is the way of the dark ages. Modern progress is rejecting the idea of sacrifice, and is emphasizing the idea of creative effort for the accomplishment of results. I find little

desire among the Indians to sacrifice time and leisure for the development of creative abilities ; but instead a desire to make sacrifices to propitiate the gods, or fate, so that events shall be worked out for them from above, instead of working out their own fates for themselves.

Government is blamed for every defect in India. In the West, one of the surest marks of creative ability is self-blame. When we in the West find a defect in our results, we seek the cause in the way we have gone wrong. We are getting out of the age-long habit of blaming someone else. India, as yet, does not know how to blame herself, and until she does there can be no serious progress for the people. Here and there, however, are shrewd analysts in India who realize how much the country owes to British guidance. Let me quote several of them. Mr Mahendranath Sircar, Professor of Philosophy at the Calcutta Sanscrit College, who is teaching the necessity for creative action to his students, said to me :

"We in India have never developed freedom ourselves. We have followed blindly our leaders. The father even now, in a Hindu household, is to a certain extent an autocrat. Great Britain has given us the idea of political freedom. It is for us to develop it, and our ancient philosophy has authority for this. But it is very difficult to revive the impetus. It is hard to make progress against the Brahmin caste. What progress has been made has been due to British education. Indian life is now dominated by inertia ; and unless we acquire a dynamic culture, we are lost."

In the village of Khurda Road I encountered a young physician, a graduate of Calcutta University, who, in a fine spirit of self-renunciation, is devoting his life to work among the village poor. He is Dr. D. S. Misra. We stood talking in the village roadway, flanked by the hovels of the poor. I pointed to one of the wretched dwellings and said :

"That is a disgrace to the human race."

Dr. Misra answered : "It is. The unsanitary condition of my country is appalling, but thanks to what the British have taught us we are making some progress in overcoming the evil. If it had not been for the British, conditions would be much worse than they are. But the people do not understand this. It is so hard to make them understand anything."

One of the principal economists in southern India said to me :

"We are asking for political freedom, but the West gave us that idea. We did not create it for ourselves. Also, in the West, political freedom, when it has been successful, has come after the start has been made in material progress. You do not have first political freedom, and then advance materially. You advance materially, and that is the impetus which moves you to demand political freedom. We are trying in India to make political freedom come first, and that is a paradox. We do not yet know in India what material freedom means."

India has her own instructors, however, in the cause of material freedom. They are the Parsees, who have no basic cultural relationship with the Hindus or Moslems. They are followers of Zoroaster, whose spiritual creed emphasizes time and again the spiritual value of work and effort. The Parsees, who number less than 100,000, are the only co-ordinated group in India of creative activists, as the meaning is understood in the West. Their men are creators and producers. Their women are as free as the women of the West. They followed the British from Surat into Bombay and they learned from the British the art of utilitarian creativeness. Two ships built and equipped by them took part in the Battle of Trafalgar. The Hindus would not learn from the British, their customs and caste regulations being against it; the Parsees did; and to-day the Parsees show that in India the climate and natural conditions are no bar to progressive development.

If the Hindus and Moslems in India had been as alert and creatively competent as the Parsees, India to-day would be one of the great countries of the world instead of being one of the most backward. Great Britain has made mistakes in India, for it is only by experiment and experience that new ways can be evolved; and the trial method sometimes goes wrong. But the Hindus and Moslems have made far worse mistakes. The most serious error committed by Great Britain in India has been a too complacent regard for the customs of the country, based on mediævalism. Sutee was abolished, and India would be far better off to-day if some of the other ways of life, wholly unfit for modern life, had been crushed out long ago. They

have been allowed to endure out of respect for the Victorian idea of toleration. Democracy, however, does not follow its right course when it permits the continuation of primitive conditions on the ground that the ways of the past, which may be considered sacred, must be preserved if any considerable number of people want to preserve them.

Europe has fought more than one war to exterminate sacred evils of the past. India, and Great Britain, too, would be much better off to-day if there had been less tolerance in the past of the debasing practices which have grown up in India through misinterpretations of India's great culture of the long ago. Education alone does not accomplish this result. There must be, at times, peremptory exercise of authority to abolish harmful customs.

India has over-educated the few and under-educated the many. The few have more education than they can use in the present low stage of India's mass civilization. The educated ones grow restless and become disgruntled because their country offers so little to them. But instead of blaming their own underbalanced culture which has brought this stage about, they blame Government, and the students try to turn themselves into amateur politicians, thinking that politics will help them out of the mess into which the country has got itself.

I was present at the Calcutta Sanscrit College when Dr. Das Gupta, the Principal, gave the students the most vehement tongue-lashing I have ever heard in a school, because some of them were mixing in politics. He said that any student who wanted to turn politician must leave the College and not come back. Students were people supposed to be interested in studying, and he did not propose to have any of his students dividing their time between their studies and political agitation. Raising his voice almost into a shout, he declared :

"You cannot be two things at the same time. I shall not tolerate political activities among you. Remain here if you want to continue to give all your efforts to learning. Get out and stay out if you cannot resist the harsh call of politics."

If there were a general attitude of that kind in India, the country would be nearer to the road of self-improvement. I have tried to discover whether there is any deep serious

appreciation among Indian leaders of the grave difficulties of the Government and Administration. Here and there are men with understanding who appreciate the very complex nature of legislation and executive direction; but they are not many.

CHAPTER XXII

NORTH-WEST FRONTIER PROVINCE.

THE outstanding success of British rule in India has been the pacification of the North-West Frontier, which finally led to the turning of the North-West Frontier into a Governor's Province early in 1932.

When one thinks that only a few months before this new Governor's Province was created, there was warfare on the whole of the Frontier, and beyond the borders of the scraggy yellow mountains the tribes were up in arms. All round Peshawar there was a revolution. The Red Shirt Movement, under Abdul Ghaffa Khan, was at the height of its success. Mr. Edward Thompson says in his book, *A Letter from India*: "The Red Shirts, organized by Abdul Ghaffa Khan (whom it is usual to refer to affectionately as A.G.K). . . ." Affectionately? One wonders what Mr. Thompson's pet name is for a sore throat.

The Red Shirts are a branch of Congress, closely united each to each, and working hand in hand. Pillage, loot, and murder are the weapons of the Red Shirts, and in these ways Mr. Gandhi's campaign of non-violence is waged. At the end of

1931 the situation was terribly dangerous. At any moment we were liable to be driven out of the North-West. Abdul Ghaffa Khan, of affectionate memory, looked like succeeding. The local government in Peshawar was begging to be allowed to take extreme measures. Delhi wanted to go slow. Mr. Gandhi was in prison; the ordinances were in operation, and with the exception of Bombay and Calcutta, and, of course, the North-West Frontier, matters were fairly peaceful. But matters on the Frontier were so dangerous that eventually Delhi agreed that Abdul Ghaffa Khan, known to Thomas Atkins as "The Gaffer", and his followers could be arrested. It was decided that Christmas Day should be zero hour. The directors of the Red Shirt Movement thought that Christmas with British officials, the Army, the Police, and Civil Service would be celebrated at home in the true British way, which, I may say, extends to the North-West Frontier. But Christmas 1931 was the exception. The troops had to stand to; wives and children of officials had their Christmas dinner alone; husbands were about to go "over the top". "The Gaffer" was arrested; so were hundreds and hundreds of his followers. On Boxing Day there was a little shooting, about thirty casualties, and so ended, for the time being, the great Red Shirt Movement. There was one repercussion, however, and, by a very remarkable coincidence it occurred about the same time as the Dartmoor prison mutiny in England. All the members of the Red Shirt Movement who had been

arrested were put in a new jail at Harripoor. The prison was not quite finished and the prisoners mutinied and broke out of their cells. For a little time matters looked very dangerous, but no prisoners escaped. When the mutiny was finally quelled and the prisoners were paraded, the ringleaders were marched out and flogged, and then the prisoners were all put back into their cells and quiet has reigned ever since. Although the back of the Red Shirt Movement had been broken there was great latent danger still, both within and without the Province. It was impossible for any white woman to go into the bazaar in Peshawar. The European cantonment was encircled with barbed wire. And the bridges had barbed wire round their pillars. Peshawar, from Christmas to Easter, was like a city in a state of siege. On March 7th the Government of the Frontier Province issued a *communiqué* which threw light on the grave situation which had developed across the border in the tribal territory. The tribes concerned in the threat to the Frontier were three : the Utman Khel, the Mohmand, and the Bajauris.

The Utman Khel tribe occupy a mountainous tract of country between the Rud and Amabhar rivers, eastwards of Peshawar district, since the sixteenth century. The tribe is estimated to number about 40,000 and is divided into many clans constantly at feud among themselves. Their country, of which the area is about 3,000 square mi a network of bare hills and ravines, unfertile in some strips on the south bank of the Rud

The Mohmand tribe live mostly between Afghanistan and the border of the Peshawar district, and are under the political control of Peshawar. But there is an increasing tendency for the Mohmands to settle in the district in the "Doales" (sort of deep ravines) between the rivers. The Mohmands are closely allied to the Yusufzai Pathans. They have a great reputation for bravery among the neighbouring tribes and can muster about 18,000 fighting men, fairly well armed. During the early period of the British rule, and since, they have given more trouble than any other Frontier tribe.

The Bajauris are closely allied to the other Pathan tribes. Bajaur is situated between Utman Khel and Mohmand territories. The population is roughly estimated to be 100,000, and its area nearly 500,000 square miles. The political system is a communal form of party government subject to the control of the Khan of Nawagai, who is nominally the hereditary chief of Bajaur. Public, or rather tribal, affairs are managed by the "Jirga", which means a council of leaders.

The above is a brief outline of the people who are causing us trouble across the Frontier. The official *communiqué* from Peshawar, March 7th, said :

For the last three or four weeks various well-known firebrands, notably the Haji of Turnangzai, who is a relation by marriage of Abdul Ghaffa Khan, his son, Badshah Gul, the Faquir of Alinagar, and a son of the late Balna Mulla, had been unremitting in their efforts to raise against the Government

those trans-Frontier tribes which live north of the Kabul River, and with this object had been preaching *Jehad* (holy war) amongst the Mohmands, the Utman Khel, and various tribes of Bajaur.

This campaign affords an outstanding example of the value to be attached to the Congress and Red Shirt professions of non-violence, for there is ample evidence to prove that this is all part and parcel of the Congress movement in the North-West Frontier Province. The leaders who are now inciting the tribes to open rebellion against the Government have all along been in the closest touch with certain Congress leaders in the Peshawar district, and are still being given active assistance by various Red Shirt absconders who evaded arrest by escaping across the border.

For instance, Samandar, an absconding Red Shirt "salar", to Tarnab Charsadda, has been living with the Haji for some time, and has been responsible for a number of cyclostyled leaflets issued with the signature of Badshah Gul, calling on the tribes to rise and fight against the Government. Congress agents have also been working in close touch with the Hindu-stani fanatic colony in Chammarkhan, whose activities have always been directed against the Government, and whose avowed object is the release of Mr. Gandhi and their Congress leaders.

Until recently the attempts of these individuals to raise the tribes had no very serious results, but during the last few days the situation has deteriorated. The Lashkar (contingent) of Mohmand and their Bajauris has entered the Mohmand country and is in the Danish Kol area, twelve miles from the administrative border. The Haji of Turnangzai is doing his utmost to persuade the upper Mohmands to collect a Lashkar to join this part with the intention of moving down to the British border.

"Further north a Salarzai Rajaur Lashkar, which includes some contingents of Utman Khel, is assembling west of the Panjkora River on the western border of Dir, which is threatening to cross that river and get astride the Chitral Road. These Lashkars are inhabitants of the villages, from which they persistently fired at airplanes carrying out reconnaissances over their country. Action against them has been delayed in the hope that the excitement would subside, but in view

recent deterioration further postponement of the action may result in a widespread conflagration in the Trans-border, with serious reactions in the Peshawar district, where hostile activities are already having an unsettling effect.

Consequently, on March 5th, notices were scattered over the tribes concerned, by airplane, and were sent to the Malikhs by hand, warning them that unless the Lashkars dispersed and the leading agitators were removed from their limits by the evening of March 7th, air action against the specified villages from which the Lashkars have been drawn would begin on the afternoon of March 8th. The Haji of Turnangzai has been similarly notified that persistence in his and his son's efforts to raise the tribes will render his village liable to bombing after further warning.

The reference to the various tribesmen being "well armed" is a term which must not be misunderstood. Presently we shall trace back the history of how arms and munitions are smuggled across the Frontier, but arms are obtained in three ways: by direct purchase; by theft and smuggling; and, thirdly, partly by theft and partly by skilled labour. When it is not possible to steal an entire rifle it is often possible to steal a part or parts of a rifle, and then the skilled labour comes in when the men of the hills fashion from these parts a most remarkable whole—a splendid rifle. Along the Khyber Pass any Pathan will buy a rifle for a hundred rupees and pay spot cash. One imagines that beyond the Frontier the purchase price is considerably higher. But apart from rifles, mostly of the British Army type, and munitions for these rifles, the tribesmen have no arms whatsoever, and the fantastic stories that have appeared in America concerning

imaginary wars in which the Afridis use artillery, tanks, airplanes, and machine-guns have not a vestige of truth in them. These are not plain, but slightly varnished tales from the hills.

In the North-West Frontier Province Abdul Ghaffa Khan was preaching warfare against the British for months previous to his arrest. The Red Shirt leader accused England of making the Indians hungry, forcing them to go naked, ruining and destroying Islam. He called for the complete annihilation of Englishmen. It was of peculiar interest to me, at this moment, to know that Abdul Ghaffa Khan was receiving letters from sympathizers in America. This interest arose from the fact that while I was in Peshawar the *Chicago Tribune* had a correspondent there, and this man was an American of Swedish origin, and he made no secret of his anti-British feelings. This correspondent had equal facilities with correspondents who had come from England, and he was allowed to travel up and down the Khyber Pass as frequently as was possible, but he complained that he found nothing to write about. He said that he was sending practically nothing to his paper ; not at any time did he complain of any alleged censorship of any despatches which he had sent. Yet we find the *Chicago Tribune* publishing, in the first fortnight of February 1932, a despatch under a London date-line.

The story was set out in a streamer headline with letters over an inch high and type a fifth of an inch thick announcing that "12,000 Afridis Attack

British". There was a more modest statement that "Moslems Use Planes and Artillery in Uprising". The message is as follows :

London, February 12th.

Exclusive news was received in London to-day of a report from Viceroy Willingdon containing a full account of heavy fighting which broke out at Bannu in the North-West Frontier Province, with symptomatic repercussions in North Kashmir and Baluchistan last Wednesday night.

A concentration of more than 12,000 tribesmen attacked with guns, airplanes, and searchlights, which they used for the first time, engaging in battle with four battalions of Gurkhas, two battalions of Sikhs and a battalion of Scottish troops. The battle lasted from dusk to dawn, ended with the tribesmen retreating after being driven from the forts they occupied during the night.

The British lost two white officers and fourteen Indian officers, and 275 men were killed. Eleven officers, 140 infantry men and forty gunners, all white, were wounded. 500 Afridi tribesmen were killed.

The *Tribune* is informed that the Viceroy reports the British were unprepared for the onslaught, believing the concentration of tribesmen was due to a celebration of the Ramadan fasting period and the Moslem New Year.

At first two light airplanes bombarded the British outposts at Bannu and the British replied with artillery. A battalion of Sikhs and two battalions of Gurkhas advanced, but at midnight the tribesmen suddenly turned on searchlights from the hills and opened steady artillery and machine-gun fire. Their counter-attack failing, the Sikhs and Gurkha troops broke, and the tribesmen, led by former officers of the Imperial Ottoman Army now in the pay of Afridi chieftains, took the British outposts.

Tribal batteries were silenced at dawn and the Highlanders and Gurkhas recaptured the outposts under the cover of guns and airplanes. A number of Turks were discovered among the dead.

At the same time, according to the same plan, Baluchis

suddenly attacked Dera Ghazi Khan in the Punjab, with the help of exile Afghan supporters of Amanullah. The tribal attack was repelled after six hours of steady fighting.

Another attack was made on Hunza in Kashmir, where tribesmen were also believed to have gathered for the Ramadan observation and the Maharaja's troops are being rushed from Silakoti and Secunderabad northward.

Two British battalions are leaving Egypt and another is leaving Malta in response to the Viceroy's urgent appeal for more white troops.

In addition to taking over means of communication the military is understood to have evacuated all foreigners.

The London correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* stated that he knew nothing whatsoever about the despatch, which was supposed to have been sent from London. Neither the British Government nor the Government of India took any steps at all to repudiate this string of falsehoods, nor was it necessary to do so, because it was too amazing to be accepted by anybody sufficiently interested in India to know the facts and, more particularly, the geography of the country. The writer of the despatch does not explain how the Maharaja of Kashmir's troops were rushed a little matter of 1,200 miles. However, when the correspondent did return to Europe he was demoted.

Events have moved so quickly that to write about what happened even six and eight months ago seems like writing of ancient history. The people in England should remember the dangerous situation of Great Britain from the summer of 1931, when Mr. Gandhi set sail for England, until March 1932. Our credit was falling all over the world; our

currency was sinking ; the pound was going down. In September 1931 Great Britain went off the Gold Standard. The storm over India looked like breaking, and we were on the verge of being driven out of the North-West Frontier Province. The lives of British men and women were in grave danger, and at this time stories on the lines I have quoted were being circulated in America, which could only have the effect of damaging our credit still further. There was talk of a Press censorship in the North-West Frontier, and at various times there was a very mild form of censorship over Press matter. Yet we find Mr. Edward Thompson stating :

For example, the North-West Frontier Province, a storm centre, exercises a pretty thorough censorship. No one is such a fool as to post in Peshawar a letter he wants delivered inside of a week ; as a result everyone, whatever his political views, accepts what he is officially told about the Red Shirt troubles with reservations and general scepticism.

[“Pretty thorough” rubbish !]

When Mr. Rudyard Kipling wrote *The Man Who Was* he made the villain of his piece a Russian officer dining in mess on the North-West Frontier. From the time of the late Lord Roberts, and perhaps even before, Russian agents were active on the other side of the Frontier. There was the constant fear that one day Russia would invade India and march down along the Khyber Pass. Much has been written and said of the probabilities of this Russian invasion. Now that the Czarist régime in Russia

has broken down, and most probably gone for ever, have the imperialistic and Far Eastern policies of Russia changed? Personally, I do not think so. This is not, I may say, a purely personal opinion. It is rather an opinion based on facts supplied to me by political officers in Peshawar. Among the tribes I have already mentioned, and who from time to time will start to cause trouble, there are a number of fanatical priests who preach holy war. But, according to my information, there were certainly, in the spring of 1932, Russian paid agents among the tribesmen.

Although the Russian menace to the North-West Frontier may not have altogether ceased, the World War certainly did put an end to German influence and intrigue in India. For many years the Russian bogey prevented us from seeing that Germany was as intensive in her activities in India itself as Russia was on the other side of the Frontier. Could not one speculate on what might have happened if Russia had been an ally of Germany instead of an ally of France?

Officers who have served in India in the days before the World War were aware how perfect was the German system of espionage in India.

Apart from the highly influential German visitors who had the widest facilities granted them by the Indian Government, there was a quite important German and Austrian colony scattered over India—merchants and traders—there was quite a small army of

travellers who, in those days, needed no passports to travel anywhere they wished in India. But, according to men who are best qualified to know how the pre-war Government of Germany obtained its knowledge of military and political secrets, it was the huge class of German and Austrian ladies of easy virtue who travelled backwards and forwards between Germany and India who were able, by the nature of their calling, to pick up items of vital information.

But women were not alone in serving Germany as espionage agents. I am told that in 1890 there came to India a young German named Ahrens. At that time there was living in the Murree Hills in the Himalayas a Eurasian named Sharpe, who kept a pig farm and who wanted an assistant and advertised for one in Europe. Ahrens, who had been a confectioner in Germany, took on the job. He came under a promise to have his fare refunded. He arrived in India with a young wife and a small baby, and on landing he was practically at the end of his financial resources. When Ahrens arrived at Rawalpindi he heard that Sharpe was dead and that there was no money for him.

Ahrens could not speak anything but German, but he went into the bazaar and found a Hindu moneylender who advanced him sufficient money to hire a hut, where Ahrens started to make Continental sweets and cakes, which he hawked among the European residents.

Rawalpindi is a most important military base in India ; it is the key to the situation in the Khyber Pass, and there are always thousands of British

troops and dozens of generals. Rawalpindi is the headquarters of the North Indian Army. Ahrens made sufficient money hawking sweets to start a café, which he called "The Café Ahrens", which was frequented almost entirely by Army officers. Ahrens then opened another café at Murree, the summer headquarters of the North Indian Army, forty-five miles away. Ahrens learned to speak perfect English and Hindustani. Ahrens met my informant and thought, because of his name, that he was of the same extraction as himself. Ahrens told my informant his plans, which he eventually carried out: to open cafés in Lahore and Simla, Lahore being the headquarters of the Punjab Government and Simla the summer headquarters of the Indian Government.

As it was impossible for Ahrens himself to look after all his business he began to bring over to India relations from Germany, first his brother, and then his wife's brother, and so on. At the time the Boer War broke out several British officers began to notice a change in Ahrens' character, and it was suggested to him that no doubt, as he had made so much money, he might take a trip to Germany, but Ahrens said that in going to India as a young man he had become a deserter from military duty and dared not return, as he would be arrested.

Later Ahrens left Rawalpindi himself, and went to live in Simla. It was shortly after, when A. had obtained the patronage of the Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief, that Ahrens annou

was going to pay a visit to Germany. But one of the persons to whom Ahrens had stated he would be liable to arrest if he returned to Germany reminded him of his statement. Ahrens replied that he now had sufficient money to bribe the officials, which would make him immune from arrest. In 1908 Ahrens went to Germany and stayed six months. Directly he returned to India it was noticed that he had thrown off his previous servile manner and now adopted a bullying attitude. But, nevertheless, his affairs continued to prosper.

In April 1914 Ahrens announced he was going to Germany. He left his Lahore branch in charge of a younger brother and left his wife and daughter to attend to the Simla branch. In July 1914 Ahrens' café in Lahore caught fire and was gutted; curiously enough, a week or two after this his Simla shop caught fire, but not with such serious results as in Lahore. Ahrens was actually at Bombay on his way back when this happened. On August 4th, 1914, when war broke out, Ahrens had reopened his café in Simla. All aliens had to be interned, but Ahrens was respited on account of his many years' connection with high Government officials, and his café was the scene of many farewell parties of British officers going to fight in France.

Then, in October 1914, began a series of German successes. Ahrens began to drink heavily. German war successes and champagne had gone to his head. One night there was a special party of departing British officers to cater for, and Ahrens

became so inebriated that he began to curse England and everybody connected with it.

Ahrens was arrested that night, and when his house was searched remarkable discoveries were made, including a complete diary of everything and everybody connected with the British and Indian Army, dating from the time he landed at Rawalpindi nearly twenty years before. From generals down to warrant officers, he had everything noted down ; their characters as men, whether they drank or not, what their reputations as soldiers were ; the reputations of regiments, if good or bad, the disposition of troops ; in fact Ahrens had a more complete documentation than could be found anywhere in any department at Army headquarters.

It was discovered that immediately after Ahrens had settled down at Rawalpindi he was placed on the German espionage list, and was receiving money from Germany all the time in payment of information received.

Ahrens was court-martialled and shot at dawn one morning at Simla and the whole of his property confiscated.

But Ahrens was undoubtedly not the only one. India, in pre-war days, was literally honeycombed with German spies. Germany must have spent many thousands of pounds in trying to steal our secrets in India, and concentrated on the key position to the Khyber Pass, which, of course, is the keystone to the British military occupation of India. Germany failed ; Russia has never been successful. Will any other nation try to follow in the footsteps of Germany and Russia.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE KHYBER PASS

"By the yellow Khyber was tumult and affright." When Macaulay was writing the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, he said "Tiber", and not "Khyber", otherwise he and I would be thinking the same thing.

It is a poor day when there is no tumult in the Khyber Pass, that yellow, sinuous road of romance which winds round terrifying hairpin bends from Peshawar to Kabul. There is no road like it in the whole world. It is terrifying ; it is fascinating, just as one can be fascinated by terror. The Khyber Pass and the territory through which the yellow road passes is verily a heaven-sent setting for guerilla warfare. The road twists, turns, goes up and down and down and up. High hills of mustard colour rock dominate the Pass. Thousands of riflemen could hide themselves—and not a sound but the ping of a bullet from an unseen rifle would betray their presence.

The law of the road is very simple : "The road must be kept open." It is rather like a law of circus and stage folks : "The show must go on." Tribes can fight, kill each other, do whatever they like,

just so long as they do not interfere with the traffic on the road. It is rare indeed that there is not some little show going on somewhere adjacent to the Khyber Pass. It may be small, it may be big, but so long as they keep off the main thoroughfare the authorities in Peshawar show tolerance. Incidentally, there is absolutely nothing that happens along the Pass between Peshawar and the Afghan frontier that is not known in Peshawar very soon after it has happened, or very often even before it has happened. In England they often joke about the various disguises Mr. Montagu Norman adopts, but in the Khyber Pass I would never be surprised if a camel spoke to me in the cultured accents of a political officer.

There is something absolutely fascinating about the traffic up and down the Pass. One sees a small motor bus, and one notices it is the mail coach from Peshawar to Kabul. All the time there is the intermingling of the modern and the mediæval. Pathans come down from the hills packed into old Ford cars. They go into Peshawar to gossip in the bazaars, and to go to the cinema. You may wonder what has become of the old Charlie Chaplin films, of the odd things we used to see at the time Pearl White was a star. I can tell you. Snips of film, one snip having no relation to the others, are gummed together, and they go to the North-West Frontier, where they amuse the wild tribesmen. At least, I suppose they amuse them; they sit and watch bits of old Charlie Chaplin films, but they never

smile ; merely look extremely surprised when Chaplin receives a custard pie full in the face.

March-April in Peshawar is known as the "Frontier Silly Season". The Pathans have come down from the hills to pass the winter on the plains. They bring with them their wives and their cattle, and they live quite peacefully until spring comes. But with the coming of spring they seem to go mad, like March hares and capering lambs. They become exceedingly troublesome, often looting in the bazaars or stealing cattle and doing a little shooting-up in the Wild West fashion before going back to the hills. I suppose that if any of these little episodes ever reach the United States we should find more varnished tales from the hills, but it speaks volumes for the tolerance of the Peshawar officials when they can refer to this annual spot of trouble as the "Frontier Silly Season".

What the officials have particularly to deal with is the smuggling of arms and ammunition across the Frontier. It has been going on since the British Raj first went to India, because the Pathans, Afridis, and Waziris all love guns, just as Englishmen love dogs. Many a British soldier on the Frontier has been punished for losing his arms by neglect only because his brain was no match for the wily gun-stealer.

For years gun-running was a favourite and paying pastime on the Persian Gulf, and many a retired skipper could tell stories of running guns from Germany, France, and the United States.

The intriguing part of gun-running on the North-West Frontier is mainly concerned with the systematic theft of Service rifles and running them across the Frontier. Many stories are told of how rifles are stolen, but perhaps most remarkable of all is the infinite patience of the hill tribes, who can take little bits of broken-up rifles and fit them together again. Just imagine the brains and skill required for carrying out such tasks; no tools, no machinery, no measuring instruments!

Sometimes the tribesmen will turn their attention to other forms of clever theft. I heard a story of an Indian Army officer who was sent on convoy duty across the Frontier with a large sum of rupees borne in chests. He had long experience and had been backwards and forwards several times. He set off with his string of camels and the usual guards, and accompanied by local guides, on a march of several days' duration through that rather desolate, semi-mountainous region between Rawalpindi and the Khyber Pass.

One night, when he had to camp, the officer dumped his treasure chests in the centre of a natural compound, of which three sides were formed by the base of high rocks which, in his opinion, offered sufficient security. Having posted sentries and outposts, the camp, thoroughly tired out after a long march, settled down to well-earned sleep, and woke at daybreak to find that every single chest had disappeared into thin air. The sentries had seen nothing. It appeared to be a case of black

What had happened was that the officer had been led away by one of the Pathan guides to let him decide on what particular spot to bivouac, and the officer had not noticed the existence of an overhanging rock projection. These expert and cunning border thieves, doubtless well informed by the guide, had committed the theft. Stark naked, with their bodies glistening with oil, they had crept over the top of the ridge and lowered one of their number down by ropes right into the centre of the camp. Silence and swift work did the rest. There are a million hiding-places, so nothing was ever heard again of the treasure chests.

A journey up the Khyber Pass, for which one has obtained a special permit in Peshawar, may be quite easy, or not, according to circumstances. A written permit obtained one evening for a journey the next day may be of absolutely no value because, during the night, news has come down that the Pass must be closed. Barbed wire across the road and a picket are sufficient to close the Pass. Special authority will, however, overcome minor difficulties of this kind, and then one starts a ten-mile drive from Peshawar to the entrance of the Khyber Pass.

The entrance is at Jamrud, where there is a caravan road and a motor road. A signpost with the picture of a camel denotes the caravan road, and the picture of a motor-car denotes the motor road. Often the two roads twist and cross, and both are crossed and recrossed by the railway, which goes through the Pass. One sees a caravan of hundreds of camels

and sheep approaching the cross-roads along which comes a line of motor-cars. Suddenly there is a loud piercing whistle and out of a tunnel in the mountain-side dashes a train. Biblical times straying into modern times.

At Jamrud there are troops and a fort, and from Jamrud all along the thirty-odd miles to where the Pass debouches within two miles of the Afghan Frontier one is never out of touch with a fort, big or small. The hills are mustard or khaki colour; the earth is brown, so are the camels; the train is brown; brown sheep are being driven along with the caravan; but viewed *en masse* the whole landscape and everything it contains appears to be yellow, all but the tartan kilts of the Seaforth Highlanders at Landi Kotal, on the summit of the Pass, but their khaki tunics tone with the yellow of the sinuous road.

High, jagged hills, every crag topped with an outpost, every outpost armour-plated, with loopholes for rifles and machine-guns. Look from any angle—north, south, east, west—always a fort, big or small, commanding every turn of the yellow road. The frontiersmen carry rifles just as Europeans carry walking-sticks. Every man we meet, without a single exception, carries a rifle. The Khassidars are the frontiersmen who are paid by the British to patrol the road. They are members of the tribes heavily subsidized by the Government of India for this purpose. The last twenty miles of the yellow lie through Afridi country, where there are no

things as police or law, and the Afridis themselves guard the road.

We come to a high-perched village on the left-hand side of the road. About eighty wild-looking men are sitting in a circle, every man with a rifle; it is a *jigar*, a meeting of elders. The night before this tribe had been fighting, and this morning they politely held up the private war for my car to go through. I notice that my Indian driver accelerates. I want to stop and take a photograph, but am told that photography is unhealthy hereabout. Just before my arrival two young visiting English bank clerks were shot dead while using a camera.

Up and up, winding round terrific bends, a marvellous road, a perfect surface. Suddenly, a note of comedy: a skirl of bagpipes is heard, and swinging round a yellow bend I find an Indian Army band at practice. The sky is blue, the sun shines brightly, but the air is crisp and cold. The only sign of animal life, apart from the camels and the goats, is an occasional sweeping eagle. But one is obsessed by the knowledge that the eyes of unseen tribesmen are peering down on one from the rocky hills.

At Landi Kotal we halt, and on this lonely outpost of Empire I note football fields, fives courts, and tennis courts. The rules of the road are strict. One is forced to return at a fixed time, so that one is out of the danger zone before the quickly oncoming night. Two miles from Afghan territory is the last British picket. Further than this point no

European is allowed to go. One looks down the Pass to the Afghan Frontier with its tall mountains thickly capped with snow. Until recently there was a black-lettered inscription on a band of white linen stretched across the road : "It is Absolutely Forbidden to Cross this Border into Afghan Territory."

Back again, black backward glances from these wayward sons of the road, not the swarthy Indian, but the fair-skinned, tall men in sheepskin coats, great fighters, and to whom the possession of a rifle is as necessary as bread.

Night is coming on. The caravans are resting. A bird screams. Faster and faster yet we go, racing round turns that are less dangerous than a bullet from the unseen riflemen hidden away among the yellow hills. Tribal law and order must be respected, and the British respect it, and from the tribes obtain respect.

Back again in Peshawar, in the British cantonment segregated from the native city by barbed wire. A biting cold night. Evening dress in the hotel. We dine a little earlier to-night because these lean, lithe Englishmen, who not only carve out empires, but who also know how to keep them, are, with their womenfolk, going to attend a performance by the Peshawar Amateur Dramatic Society of Mr. Noel Coward's *The Young Idea*.

Carry on, sergeant !

CHAPTER XXIV

THE INDIAN ARMY

To trace the evolution of the Indian Army step by step is quite a task. The differences of the religious elements : Mohammedanism, with its sub-divisions ; Hinduism with its castes ; the fact that many of the Indian Army are not Indians at all, but foreigners who forced their way into the country and settled there, forming communities and separate sub-divisions of already existing religions.

The coming of the Moslem to India, and the countless wars which brought about the expansion of Moslem dynasties as far south as the Deccan ; the Turks and Afghans fighting among themselves, forcing the Hindus of the plains to accept Islam—all this led to the fact that the earlier forces in India were made up of over-the-border Mohammedan mercenaries, with a leavening of low-caste Hindus, such as would to-day be called "Untouchables", led by the rough and ready, devil-may-care early settlers.

It must be remembered that nearly ninety per cent. of the population of India live in rural districts and the remainder in the towns and cities. The

townsmen have no military spirit and seldom produce a man that can be turned into a fighting soldier ; they have no physical or moral courage. Races like the Bengali, and others who have been behind Mr. Gandhi, have very little constitutional strength.

These men can play cricket and football, and sometimes beat an English team at our own games, but it does not follow that they can face an enemy with the same equanimity. Eliminating the city and town element, it is startling to discover that of the balance of the population at least four-fifths are also physically and morally unfit for military service. The Indian Army has therefore to look further afield for its recruits, who in the main are drawn from the young stalwarts of the villages, sons of Zemindars (landowners) and the *ryots* (peasants), from the hill tribes, and from various clans away back in the North. Notwithstanding difficulties of religion, niceties of caste, peculiarities in the matter of food, drink, and clothing, the objection to crossing the sea, owing to caste prejudices, the Army in India has been built up, after innumerable difficulties, on real scientific principles, and is a wonderful tribute to British ingenuity.

At the beginning various races, tribes, and castes had to be tried and given a chance ; religious principles, character of races, stamina, reliability, honesty of purpose, all had to be tested. Parts and conditions were brought in and rejected for one reason or another. Down-country men were drawn from districts outside Bengal, and while

made smart everyday soldiers, their standard of courage was proved useless in the face of a stubborn enemy, and so, with few exceptions, the Punjab became the recruiting-ground for the whole of the Indian Army.

Among the classes forming the Indian Army in India to-day Army service is deemed a privilege under the British Raj, and it is interesting to note the various circumstances that led these men to join. Firstly, there is a family tradition; tradition of race; rivalry between the races; the knowledge that maybe there will be a pension and a Jirgah of land if there is good service; but, above all, among these sepoys and sowars there is the appeal of the King's person.

The flower of the Indian Army is composed of:

The Sikhs.

The Sikh who makes the best Sikh soldier belongs to the agricultural Jat race of the Eastern Punjab. The Jats of the Punjab include Sikhs, Hindus, and Moslems, and therefore are called "Jat Sikhs", "Jat Hindus", "Jat Mohammedans". The latter are all Punjabis (as are the Sikhs), while the "Jat Hindus", coming from below Delhi, are not Punjabis. The "Jat Sikh" is, like all the other Jats, a cultivator, and is a born fighter. The Sikhs are further subdivided. There is the "Khatri Sikh"—the trading class—who are not so stouthearted as the "Jat Sikh"; and the "Muzbi Sikh", who have sprung out of the 'sweeper class—practically Untouchables—who,

strange to say, are men of great stature and greater hearts. These men are heavy and powerful and constitute in the main the body of the "Sikh Pioneers", which have long been famous. Nearly all Sikh names end in "Singh", meaning lion, which fairly denotes the Sikh character as a soldier. It is to be remembered that Sikhs are not born, but made. In other words, like the Christian, they are not Sikhs until they have been baptized ; the Army will not accept them until they are, for the other Sikhs in the regiment would have none of them. It is regretful that of late years the Sikh has developed a passion for spirits and has been seen drinking whisky neat in large quantities. He is also an opium-eater, but does not smoke.

The Rajput Mohammedans.

These men are the descendants of the converted Hindus when, in the older days, Mohammedanism swept the Punjab. The Rajputs in the hills remained Hindus, probably because they were out of the way. These Rajput Mohammedans, together with the Sikhs, form the backbone of the Indian Army, but there is a large sprinkling of "Jat Mohammedans" in the regiments which are mainly and collectively known as "Punjabi Mohammedan" Regiments. These men have earned a good name for reliability and fighting qualities, but they do far better removed from the temptation of the cities, where the attractions of the women of the baz much for them.

The Dogras.

These are the Rajputs of the hills whose forefathers escaped conversion to Mohammedanism. They are known as the "gentlemen" of the Army. They are of high caste as Hindus, but do not allow it to interfere with their duty. There are regiments of them, and companies of them will be found in class composition units. They come from the hills in British India and largely from the hills of Kashmir. The Maharajah of Kashmir is a Dogra.

The Rajputs of Rajputana, and the Rajputs of Garwhal and Kumaun.

Here again are classes of Hindus whose forefathers escaped conversion at the hands of the invading Mohammedans. They differ only in species and character from the Dogra by local influences. Those of Rajputana are naturally of that district, men of the plains; those of Garwhal and Kumaun from the outer hill districts of the Himalayas bearing those names. The Garwhalis have a touch of hill blood and something of the Mongol in them. The Kumauns are near to the Gurkhas. All these men make smart riflemen.

The Pathans.

These men, although a species of Afghans, are not Afghan subjects; they come from the border tribes. There are the Afridis, Mohmands, Waziris, Khattaks, Euzafzais, and the Bangashs. Some of them

come from within the border near to the Kohat-Pindi line. Here one finds the Khattaks; the Euzafzais from around Peshawar; the others mainly come from the Trans-border beyond Malakand. Most of these men are descendants of the Rajputs, already described, who, through centuries, have become Mohammedans and settled down far from the madding crowd of India's cities. They have become wild, devil-may-care, fearless, fanatical fighters, and at times can be very treacherous. Many of our finest officers have been killed by these men serving under them when, as often happens, they run amuck.

In their own territories they give an immense amount of trouble to convoys and all such trying to essay the Khyber Pass. It is difficult to sum up what advantage they are to the Army in India except on the principle of "they that are not for us are against us", and so the more in the Army the less on the Frontier.

Included with the Pathans are the Baluchis, who come from the opposite side of the border away at the Sulciman Mountains. The Pathan will be found about Peshawar and Rawalpindi; the Baluch at Quetta. They, like the Pathans, are Frontier men, but of a different type, being more of the Arab than Indian. They are not so fanatical as the Pathan, although somewhat wilder, and for this reason are not to be found in great numbers in the Indian Army. They fight well to protect the Frontier in their own way and in their own territories.

The Marattas.

If there be such a thing as an Indian who produces anything of a fighting race outside the Punjab, that race will be found among the Marattas. This caste, which includes many sub-divisional castes, is to be found in Bombay (not the City, but the Province) and all around the Deccan.

The Hazaras.

These men can be distinctly classed as foreigners, as they are not "British Indian" subjects, coming as they do from the mountains of Ghuzni in Afghanistan. These men are "Shiah Mohammedans". They are incorporated with the "Corps of Guides" on the Frontier, the name of which explains their use, but the Hazaras themselves serve the Indian Army best in the capacity of pioneers, sappers, and miners, which indicates their inborn acquaintance with these subjects due to their location and environment. Their incorporation in the Indian Army remains satisfactory and useful so long as we are on friendly terms with Afghanistan.

The Gurkhas.

These little Nepalese men must also be classed as foreigners. Nepal lies in the Himalayas, to the north of the United Province, and is a separate kingdom of 54,000 square miles under a sovereign, H.M. Maharaja D.T.B.B. Jung Bahardur Shah, Bahardur Shamsher Jang. The religion is Buddhist. The connection of these Gurkhas with India goes

back to the Nepal war of 1814-16, when the Nepalese were oppressing the surrounding hill tracts. The East India Company fought successfully and put the Nepalese in their place, ever since which they have been the best of friends to British India. There is an agreement by which so many Ghurkas may enlist in the Indian Army. Wherever there is any fighting to be done the Gurkhas are there; they are wonderful hand-to-hand fighters, deeply loyal to their officers and the Raj.

And to think that over this wonderful Army built up by Great Britain Mr. Gandhi claims future control !

There is a Persian proverb which seems to fit the case : "Better an army of asses led by a lion than an army of lions led by an ass."

CHAPTER XXV

THE HOLY CITY

BENARES is the holiest of the Holy Hindu cities in India. By the same token it is the most terrible indictment of Mr. Gandhi's policy. It is hard to find the slightest excuse for the terrible scenes which take place daily in Benares. Religion does not cover the multitude of sins committed in Benares in the name of religion. One realizes that no country has any excuse to interfere with the religious practice of another country; Great Britain has no right even if she wished, to seek to change any of the Hindu religious practices, although, of course Great Britain did, many years ago, put an end to suttee. But probably in no other city in the world but Benares are there such almost indescribable scenes of filthiness, such disgusting and revolting practices countenanced, not only by Congress, whose flag flies everywhere in Benares, but also by the great princes of India whose palaces line the River Ganges. Whatever changes for the better which can be carried out must be carried out by the Hindus themselves. It is the duty of every educated Hindu, whether he be a member of Congress residing in

India, or a barrister of the Inner Temple, to use every moral effort he can to cleanse Benares of its filth. It can be done.

Benares is sacred because there stands the temple of Buddha, the great Hindu teacher born 600 years before Christ. From all over India, from hundreds, and even thousands, of miles, come pilgrims, on foot and by every conceivable form of locomotion, to pray in the temples and to bathe their bodies in the sacred river.

Every Hindu, be he rich or poor, hopes that he may die in Benares, his body burnt and his ashes scattered in the Ganges, because he believes that by this means he secures a passage straight to heaven. The first thing for a pilgrim to do is to bathe. After that he must make a circuit of the city, a walk of eight or ten miles, visiting the temples. There is the famous Monkey Temple, where offerings are made to flea-ridden apes; there is the famous Golden Temple, the dome of which is plated with solid gold. Close to this Temple is the Well of Knowledge, at the bottom of which the Goddess Shiva is supposed to live. Pilgrims keep the Well nearly full of jasmine and other heavily scented flowers.

With all these scenes of devotion one has nothing to do but to admire and laud the piety of the pilgrims. Would I could say that Benares is holy just as Rome is holy. But I cannot. I must put on record that Katherine Mayo in *Mother India* merely touched on the fringe of the horrors which make Benares the blot on India that it is.

You have done the rest sir!

Lightheartedly I asked for a motor gharri at my hotel, and told my driver to take me to the Ganges. It was a pleasant Sunday evening, not too hot, very pleasant indeed. Church bells were ringing, and I thought of home. The European section of Benares is full of mission houses and of churches. The world must spend thousands of pounds on the upkeep of Christian missions in the Holy City of India. Why, I do not know. It is in direct contradiction to every practice of the Brahman religion.

Leaving the European section behind me and passing into the native quarters, I stopped and bought a Congress newspaper published in English. Quite in the most casual manner in the world it was announced that there were several cases of plague in Benares and that many plague-carrying rats had been caught. There was dirt and squalor everywhere, but not more than anywhere else in India. There were, perhaps, more cows wandering about than there were in most places, and there were many cows fighting, with the Hindus excitedly cheering them on. All over the place there were horses with broken legs hobbling about ; goats that had lost a leg ; sheep, donkeys, cows, dogs ; and all in pain and misery just because it is against the Hindu religion to put an animal to death, unless, of course, it is a goat which has to be offered up as a sacrifice, and then they slit its throat and men, women, and children dip their hands in the warm blood and rub them across their foreheads.

When I reached the Ganges native guides nearly

pulled me apart ; they wanted to take me to see the obscene carvings at the river temple. I have been to this temple ; were I to attempt to set down in this book any true account of these carvings, the public authorities would, quite rightly, have this book seized and forbid its circulation. Only the most debased minds or sexual maniacs could possibly carve such disgusting figures and scenes. But then one remembers that in the principal Hindu temples there are what are known as temple prostitutes—women who are nothing more nor less than the concubines of the priests. I walked down the main stairway leading to the river. Men, stark naked and with matted hair, were shovelling cow-dung with their feet. These men are the holy beggars. Around the temple, near the foot of the stairway, were naked fakirs sitting cross-legged outside the shrine. While I looked with interest on these strange sights I was surrounded by a hoard of screaming women shouting insults in English and preventing me from walking any further. That night in my hotel I learned that Benares was at that moment ringed round with plague, but it was nearer to the city proper than it had been previously. That night I thought with frozen horror of the plague entering into the heart of this festering city of Benares.

The approach to the Golden Temple is through a narrow lane no wider than two feet. Refuse of every description lay under foot ; slime and garbage ; and cows, with garlands of beautiful flowers round their necks, walked over the hordes of

stretched in the filth and stench. The beggars sat squatting against the walls : men with faces entirely eaten away by disease ; children with no eyes ; women with no limbs—all the results of disease ; lepers ; hideous deformed monsters ; beggars crawling after you, clutching hands that try to touch you. Mother India !

To see the pilgrims at their devotions one must be rowed along the Ganges in a boat. It is a curious contraption, rather like a galley with a raised platform. The Ganges at this spot is like a monster anthill inhabited by humans. One of the first things one notices is the burning-*ghat*. The burning-*ghats* are where the bodies of Hindus are consumed by the flames and the ashes swept into the River Ganges. The burning goes on all day long. A few yards away tiny babies are being plunged into the waters in which mix the ashes of the bodies roasted by the flames. To this macabre scene must be added the men and women and children who scoop the water of the holy river into their mouths with their hands, and drink it not twenty yards away from an open sewer from which pours all that there is of the sanitation of Benares. Floating among the living are the bloated bodies of dead animals on which the vultures are feeding. A vulture devouring the carcass of a dead dog reminds me of a performer in a circus ; the river is practically streamless hereabouts, and the vulture spins the carcass round and round like an acrobat spins a ball beneath his feet.

The river banks are simply swarming with

pilgrims going to or returning from the river, which is lined with temples of the ruling princes of native India. One supposes that the Hindu princes are forced to erect these temples. Everywhere the Congress flag is shown, Congress ruled by Mahatma Gandhi (Mahatma meaning holy man), and Mr. Gandhi practically canonized as a Hindu saint.

Here, as I write, I pause and close my eyes and conjure up a picture of those kindly young Hindus we see in the West, men who go to our universities and who are invited to visit our homes, who dance with and sometimes marry our womenfolk. Then I shudder with horror—and this is no figure of speech—as I think of the *danse macabre* by the side of the River Ganges. The plague creeping nearer, brought by the rats feeding on the slime and the dirt and the filth which are accepted in the name of religion.

Can it be possible, can it be natural, that those Hindus who plead for the freedom of India because they claim equality with Englishmen will allow these horrors to continue?

CHAPTER XXVI

KINGDOMS UNTO PRINCES

SCATTERED about British India, and, in some cases, adjoining one another, are 562 Indian States. These States altogether occupy more than 700,000 square miles of the Indian Empire. The native States have a population of more than 70,000,000. Geographical boundaries are, in most cases, of very little importance, because the railways cross in and out of them without a passenger realizing that he has left British India for a native State ; in some cases the territories of a native State are so scattered that they are not even joined together ; they are like islands of territory encrusted in British India.

Out of the total of 562 States, 168 are States the rulers of which are princes in their own right ; 127 are minor States with rulers, and 267 are owned by petty chieftains. Those in the first category have been handed down in succession by former conquerors and invaders of India who went there before the British, and the rulers of these States include Mohammedans and Hindus of various castes. Their forebears threw in their lot with the British and were granted their independence. These rulers owe no allegiance to anyone but the King-Emperor,

and in the main are absolutely independent, although they are under the suzerainty of the Indian Government. These States, therefore, have their own Governments, ministers, revenues, and, in some cases, their own armies. Many of the princes are entitled to salutes of so many guns, according to their standing and importance, whenever they enter or leave British India.

One of the leading princes is the Nizam of Hyderabad, said to be the richest man in the world. The Nizam's State has an area of 82,000 square miles and a population of 12,000,000, and is in the heart of the British province of Madras, yet His Exalted Highness rules in a manner like that of the Czars of old-time Russia ; his word is law and his kingdom is a sealed book.

Side by side with Hyderabad is the territory of the Maharaja of Mysore, with a population of only 6,000,000 and with an acreage of less than 30,000 square miles. Yet what a difference there is between these two States ! Mysore is easily the most modern and the most enlightened native State in the whole of India. Progress and still more progress is the motto of the Maharaja.

In Western India is Baroda with a population of only a little over 2,000,000 and a kingdom of not much more than 8,000 square miles. Yet here again is glittering magnificence, wealth unbounded, independence absolute. Almost alongside of Baroda is Nawangar, whose ruler was once famous on the cricket grounds of England as "Ranji".

In the West again are Indore and Bikaner, just to name two of the native States whose rulers, within very recent times, have figured prominently in the news. The Marahaja of Indore, who married an American, had previously to flee from India, and was dethroned at the urgent request of the Indian Government. Into the family of the Maharaja of Bikaner there stalked tragedy in the spring of 1932 when His Highness was attending the Horse Show celebrations in Delhi. A son of the Maharaja was found shot in the same room as an A.D.C., who was also dead. What had happened? A revolver recently imported from Europe was found in the room. A quarrel? Suicide pact, or murder and suicide? The truth will never be known. In many of even the more enlightened native States in India mysteries can remain mysteries for ever and ever.

Way up in the Punjab is the Sikh State of Patiala. The Maharaja has little more than 5,000 square miles to rule over, with a population of about a million and a half. His Highness attended the Round Table Conference in London. He is one of the "mystery men" among the native princes. During the second Round Table Conference the Maharaja of Patiala appeared to be in favour of the native princes taking part in a federation of India. Yet when the Chamber of Princes met in Delhi in the spring of 1932 His Highness's opinions appeared to have undergone certain changes.

Although there are hundreds of names of Maharajas well known in England, there are an equal

number of formidable and important rulers whose names are never heard. Everyone has heard of the Aga Khan, the head of all the Ismail Mohammedans. His Highness is a spiritual and not a temporal ruler. His immense wealth is obtained entirely by voluntary contributions. His faithful followers give him money without stint. Millions and millions pour into his coffers. The Aga Khan is a direct descendant of the Prophet. But the grip the Aga Khan formerly held over the teeming millions of Mohammedans is not as strong as it was, and in the autumn of 1932 the Aga Khan's aged mother, a woman of more than eighty years of age, made the first journey of her life to Europe to beg her son to return to India, from where he had been absent so long, and to show himself once more to his followers. If the Aga Khan does not return to India by the spring of 1933 it will be of the very greatest importance that his son should do so. Important not only to the prestige and power of the Aga Khan himself, but also for the prestige of the British Raj, who in the Aga Khan has such a powerful and faithful friend. The Aga Khan's first wife was an Italian lady; she was buried in Monte Carlo. His second wife was a French lady. It is a remarkable tribute to the personality of the Aga Khan that both marriages of this ruler of the Ismail Mohammedans were with the women of the West.

What a wealth of dignity, romance, pride, courage, and battle can be read in the titles of some of these princes of India! Yet what a bar to progress

many of them are! In some States conditions are so bad that they could hardly be worse. Investigation would show many cases of slavery, cases even of torture, of men being thrown into dungeons where there are live snakes. Side by side with enlightened progress in some native States are orgies of licentiousness; money poured out like water for dancing-girls; princes who care more for their dogs than they do for their subjects; princes who think nothing of hiring special trains to take their dogs away when the heat of their capitals becomes too intolerable. the licentiousness and thriftlessness is not always confined to India. France, in two cases at least, has been the shameful setting for what can only bring discredit on certain princes and, in one case, on a princess. An estate rented, bills run up with local tradesmen, debts right and left, and then a hurried departure for the sunny climes of Southern France. In another case a princess made her name notorious on the Riviera: gigolos and paid dancing partners; debts, debts, debts; and then a special train to Paris. Yet in the main the native rulers are loyally attached to the King-Emperor.

It is because of this, and because of their privileges and prerogatives, that the native rulers must form the corner-stone of any future Federation of India. At the meeting of the Chamber of Princes, to which I have already alluded, the princes passed a resolution which showed perfectly plainly that they would not enter into any Federation unless their treaties with the Raj remained paramount.

The danger and impracticability of giving self-government to India were demonstrated when the report of the Indian States Financial Inquiry Committee was issued in the summer of 1932. The report showed how the Indian States have treaties with the Crown under which they make certain payments imposed or negotiated by British authorities. The payments, of which the Committee classified no fewer than 725, are made for military assistance, for grants of land, for maintenance of police, and for other local purposes.

In addition, there are immunities from taxation and compensations which certain States enjoy. The Committee found it impossible to work out a scheme by which the States, as units of the Federal Government, could contribute a uniform basis to the Federal resources.

But the most important thing discovered by the Committee was that the Indian States would not surrender their sovereignty, of which they are very proud, and would not agree to transfer to a Federal power the contributions which they now make to the British Raj.

The Committee says in its report that, to overcome this, contributions should still be made to the Crown, and that the latter should place the moneys at the disposal of the Federal Government.

The Committee found it impossible to deal with such problems as the compensation to be payable to the States should they agree to federate. Customs duties provided another very difficult problem for solution.

The Indian princes, therefore, form both the bulwark of the Indian Empire and a bar to federation.

CHAPTER XXVII

TERROR IN BENGAL

WHEN the young police official in Bengal is awakened in the morning by his bearer bringing his *chota hazi*—his tea and toast—he faces a day full of hazardous adventure. Death lurks everywhere. It may take the form of a bomb or a bullet. He has to be ready and on the alert, right on the trigger.

Marvellous it is how these police officials stand the strain ; occasionally, of course, they do not. Sometimes, as in the case I have in mind, a man snaps and breaks. In this case, after hard times up-country, a small body of native police became a little vindictive ; the man in charge, name Shott, was reprimanded. The strain broke him. He went to a club in Calcutta and shot himself with a revolver.

There are in the whole of India to-day about a quarter of a million native police, led by British officials and commanded by British and Anglo-Indian Eurasian sergeants. For no reason at all the police are led by those we call "Europeans" ; but, as I have already pointed out, we are so modestly minded in India, in our Victorian way, that we say "European" when we mean British.

The police force of India constitutes one of the finest forces of law and order in the world. There is nothing glamorous about them; the pay was small even before it was cut ten per cent.; the duties hard; the life dangerous—far more dangerous than that of the more picturesque Canadian Mounted Police; but the loyalty of the Indian police to the King-Emperor, the British Empire, and to their chiefs is one hundred per cent.

The sepoys—the rank and file of the police—are of mixed races and castes, but they work splendidly together. I have seen them facing a life of boycott by their fellows, and experiencing insults and assaults, but never losing their balance, always, day and night, ready to answer the call of duty, and the duty is always that of dealing with members of their own race. So long as the native police remain true and loyal, so long can the British Raj in India endure.

To understand properly what we are “up against” in India, and more particularly in Bengal, we must remember that we are at war with Congress; it is mostly a silent war, waged with strange weapons, but Congress avails itself of these weapons, and in India they are very deadly indeed.

Firstly there is the question of the sepoys securing food. In very few instances are the sepoys provided with food, so they have to purchase and, of course, according to their caste rules, cook their own food. In the native quarters, the bazaars, where food is bought, there are thousands of shopkeepers who, threatened

by Congress, refuse to sell food to the police. In many instances, indeed, the sepoys have had to go short of food, but never do they complain or grumble. Such a thing as a police strike is unknown in danger zones. The only time I have known such a thing to happen was when a platoon of police in Delhi, after having been on duty in the Assembly, was ordered to go on duty at the Viceroy's Garden Party, and it refused.

Just as important as the food question is the question of water. The question of the water supply I have discussed in the chapter on castes. The sepoys are prevented, in the country districts, from using the wells which their castes entitle them to use. The sepoys therefore become pariahs within their own sub-castes; their sons and daughters cannot marry—nobody will marry them, or, in many cases, the priests will not join them in marriage. This is blackmail applied through the social boycott. Yet the native police do not flinch or waver, any more than they waver beneath a hail of stones.

There are at the present moment roughly three hundred and fifty Englishmen in Bengal, who are every hour of the twenty-four in actual danger of their lives. These men are chiefly magistrates, judges, and police officials, and some prominent civilians. The doors and windows of their bungalows have to be bolted at night. When they go out into the compounds they go armed, and, besides, they have armed guards with them. Every English club in Bengal is fortified with barbed wire, and it is guarded day

and night. A leading restaurant like Firpo's in Calcutta has an armed guard outside and volunteer guards on the staircase.

The leading English-language newspaper in Bengal is the *Statesman*, of Calcutta. I have several English friends, members of the editorial staff. The editor, Sir Alfred Watson, had two attempts made on his life during 1932 ; in the second attempt he was wounded.

There is an armed guard at the entrance to the *Statesman* offices ; every English member of the staff goes armed to and fro from the office to his home. Every visitor to the offices has to sign his name. The visitor is shown into the waiting-room, where an armed member of the staff comes and inspects him. If found worthy, the visitor is passed on. The editor has a secret bell-push under the desk, which he can work with his knee and summon the staff if danger threatens. The staff has instructions that if a certain bell rings they are to arm quickly and rush to the editor's assistance. That is Calcutta in the present year of grace.

Take the case of Mr. Edward Villiers, the President of the European Association of India, a coal merchant in Calcutta. A few days after his return to Calcutta from leave in England there was an attempt on his life. It failed, but the Terrorists have not finished with him, although they so undermined his health that he had to leave India for a long rest-cure. Maybe he will return, maybe he will not.

When Mr. Villiers went out, two armed men rode with him on his car; he carried a revolver beneath each armpit. The blotting-pads on his desk in the office were made of steel, so that they could be used as shields against the bullets of the Terrorists.

A few weeks before the Governor of Bengal, Sir Stanley Jackson, went into retirement, he was nearly killed by a hail of bullets from the revolver of a girl student named Binna Das, present at a collegiate gathering to receive her diploma from the hands of the Governor. Just by chance an eleventh-hour change was made, and instead of the Governor presenting the diplomas it was the Chancellor. This change saved the Governor's life. Binna Das had arranged to fire point-blank at Sir Stanley from a distance of about a foot. When she realized the change, she turned faint and asked for a glass of water. Then she rose in her seat and, drawing a revolver from the folds of her sari, she let loose a hail of bullets in the direction of the Governor, but the Chancellor pulled him out of the range of fire.

When the Governor goes to play golf, nearly fifty plain-clothes police are mobilized to protect him. Not only do armed police ride in cars which precede and follow the Governor's car, but other police are stationed in every bunker on the links, and every fence giving access to the course is guarded. One wonders how a man can play golf in such circumstances.

When the Governor goes out to dine with a prominent citizen, such as Sir David Ezra, the

complications are extraordinary. For forty-eight hours before the dinner-party there are about forty C.I.D. men in Sir David's house, watching the servants, etc. Then the back entrances are wired in with barbed wire. A searchlight is placed on the roof, and then all is ready for the dinner-party.

Going out to dances or dinner-parties up-country is like taking part in the most fantastic gangster film ever staged in Hollywood ; machine-guns, revolvers, searchlights, and guards are as common adjuncts to the party as the orchestra, claret cup, and cigarettes.

There is more one could tell, were it wise, but I have chosen just a few typical instances of the present Terror in Bengal. I have lived in the middle of it, and vouch for every word I have written. What I have set down will very likely cause a certain amount of worry to those who have never read the plain truth about Bengal previously to this, but in fairness to the Englishmen and women living in the heart of the Terror I want to say that they are carrying on with their jobs without the slightest fear. The men who have made the situation tolerable are the unknown heroes of India, not the strong silent Englishmen of the novel, but the young police officials who sleep with a gun under their pillow and dream of the girl at home they are going to marry on their next leave—if the ten per cent. cut in pay will run to it.

Calcutta claims to be the chief centre of intellectualism in India. The claim is justified. But Calcutta is also the chief revolutionary centre of India, and

the relationship between intellectualism and revolution in Calcutta and in Bengal generally is very close indeed. The leaders of the Bengal Terror are the intellectuals. It is often stated that the revolutionary movement in Bengal is not in any way connected with Congress. Do not believe this statement. It is utterly false. The revolutionary movement in Bengal is the Left Wing of Congress ; it is far stronger than Mr. Gandhi, who is looked upon by the Bengalee revolutionary as a weakling, a man of no account. Whether Mr. Gandhi approves or not of the revolutionary movement is not the point ; the point is that he cannot stop it, even if he would.

Even in British circles in Bengal it is very difficult to learn the truth. For some reason even high officials in Calcutta deprecate the blunt truth. A colleague of mine who was with me in Calcutta was told on the highest possible authority (British) that the Terrorists were choosing for the purpose of committing murder girl students who were with child, the leaders telling the girls that the British would never hang a woman in such a condition. My colleague informed his newspaper in London, and the fact was published and cabled back to Calcutta, where it appeared in the Indian Press, and my colleague was attacked. Instead of defending him, a British official sent for my colleague and talked to him in a very high-handed manner, and it was not until my colleague had informed the official, in confidence, of the high authority from whom he had obtained the information that the

official "climbed down". By a strange coincidence, although I was several thousand miles away at the time, I heard of the same fact from a police official, and my information was published in the *Daily Express* about the same time as my colleague published his story, which gave rise to the controversy.

Some of the British apologists for the Bengal Terrorists say that the reason why the Bengalees are waging a war of terror is because the British have stigmatized them as "cowards", and they want to show that they are not. Could any excuse be more puerile, more utterly stupid, than that? Needless, of course, to draw over-attention to the fact that those who put forward such excuses are not those who have to live day and night in the heart of the Bengal Terror, but who dwell in comfort in the English countryside, sneering at those who sincerely try to tell the truth about India.

The Chittagong Armoury raid was carried out, not to prove that the raiders were not "cowards", but to secure a supply of arms for the Indian Republican Army, which has its headquarters in Calcutta. That is the long and the short of the story. Gun-running into Bengal is becoming more and more difficult because of the watchfulness of the police, although it does continue still, to a much smaller extent, and it is not always Indians, but sometimes British-born subjects of the white race who engage in the gun-running for the revolutionaries. Small arms come from Belgium, and also from China, of all places, hidden in cargoes of peacocks' feathers.

In the heart of Calcutta is a small Chinatown, as distinct from Calcutta as Whitechapel is from Mayfair. What secrets are buried there?

One of the strangest allies the police have in the war against the seditionists in Bengal is the criminal, who gives information to the police concerning the revolutionaries, for whom the ordinary criminal has the greatest contempt. Only in very rare cases are known criminals in league with the political criminals, and in such cases they are ordinary gunmen hired for the purposes of "hold-ups" of runners carrying money up-country.

The Indian Terrorists drew inspiration undoubtedly from the Italian Maffia, the Russian revolutionary associations, and other European secret societies. In latter days it was Ireland which gave the Terrorists clues which they have been following up. Indian Terrorists draw great faith from the Irish Republicans and, as I have already had cause to remark in the course of writing this book, there is close connection between Congress and the Irish Republicans; but whereas this connection is, so to say, platonic, the connection between the Indian Republican Army and the Irish Republican Army is as close as the three initial letters of the respective seditionist armies. Congress and the Terrorists are as one in thinking and believing that that which the Irish Republicans may accomplish may also be accomplished by Indians, and with the greatest confidence I look to the moment when Mr. de Valera takes further steps to break away from the British Empire, for, as

sure as night follows sundown, so will the Terrorists of Bengal follow as nearly as they can the steps which Mr. de Valera takes.

The backbone of the Terror in Bengal are the Hindu *bhadralog* youths—youths of the educated classes. In October 1932 the Chittagong magistrate issued orders that all *bhadralog* be confined to their houses from sunset to sunrise, and also forbidding them the use of cycles and other conveyances on public roads. The reason for this drastic order was that the many crimes in Chittagong, ranging from the Armoury raid in 1930 onwards, were the work of the members of the Indian Republican Army, the Chittagong branch of which recruits only from Hindu youths of the educated class.

The recruits to the Indian Republican Army are drawn from the schools and colleges in Bengal, and every member in good standing is supposed to bring in recruits. The first approach is the personal method, picking out intelligent youths at school and making them messengers of the Army, then gradually drawing them into the net, until they are so compromised that they can be used for the higher forms of seditionist crimes.

Oaths of secrecy are extracted from members of the Terrorists' organizations, both the Indian Republican Army and others, and the death penalty is imposed for "squealing".

In the beginning practically all the organization was done by Indians in London and Paris, with a few in the United States, chiefly in California. It

was not until the World War that any foreign power took an active interest in the Indian Republican Army.

In 1915 Germany began to help the Indian Republican Army with gifts of money sent from Germany through agents in the Dutch East Indies, who acted under instructions of the German Consul-General in Batavia. There were plans to send German officers to lead sections of the Indian Republican Army in a great uprising in Bengal, but this plan came to nothing at all.

Now the only known outside influence is the Irish influence, but with or without this influence the Terror in Bengal is gaining in strength, and before this book is published I expect to hear of further outbreaks of terror in Bengal. Every school and college in Bengal is to-day a hotbed of insurrection and sedition. Both professors and students are linked with the Terror ; not only the young of both sexes, but even thousands of schoolboys are tied up with the movement. The silence of Sir Samuel Hoare will not help matters.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AND IN CONCLUSION . . .

THE second volume of the Simon Report, which deals with "Recommendations", is, in my personal opinion, not on a par with the masterly survey of India constituted by volume one. There is, I think, a disposition to go into immaterial details, without paying sufficient attention to the importance of proceeding slowly. The "Recommendations" attest against a temporary constitution for India, on the ground that it would mean looking towards the future, but if one looks after the present, and keeps one's eyes at the same time fixed on the future, then good will result. But even to suggest that India can be handed over to the Indians, lock, stock, and barrel, is nothing short of nonsense. Instead of handing over the whole cake, one must give away a slice at the time.

The step that should, to my mind, be taken by the British Government at the present time is to grant autonomous government to those provinces where conditions warrant such a step, and to let it be widely known to all Indians that the Raj will continue to create autonomy as conditions arise

which will allow it to do so. Lord Burnham, in the second volume of the Simon Report, agrees absolutely with me on the subject of news by wireless. Not until the Government of India begins to use the wireless, in connection with the cinema, for the purposes of making the truth known throughout the length and breadth of India will the British case become known. As matters stand at present, the only case ever heard by the Indians is the case of Mr. Gandhi. Of what the British have done, are doing, and propose to do for the welfare of India not one single word is ever heard by the Indians in India, except by the very, very few able to read the handful of British newspapers.

The more I saw of India, the more I travelled, the more people with whom I spoke, the more I became convinced that our best friends in India are the Mohammedans; they are the more virile people, the people most worthy of our support, not only and because they are, as a body, the more loyal and the more trustworthy, but also because in other countries outside India—in Persia, Turkey, Irak, Afghanistan—there are millions of Moslems who would become our firm friends and adherents if we supported the Mohammedans in India. I believe that a Pan-Islamic League established with the benevolent support of Great Britain would become eventually a stout bulwark of the British Empire.

Almost every Britisher in India, including ninety-nine per cent. of the ruling classes, looks with abhorrence at the attempt of the British Government to

find a temporary settlement of the Moslem-Hindu communal troubles. One of the leading Hindus residing in England said to me, when we were in the same ship travelling to India : "I very much doubt whether either the Hindu or Moslem leaders have any sincere desire to settle the matter." Mr. Gandhi's fast "unto death" as a protest against the British Government's attempt to settle the question in the summer of 1932 is typical of how Congress uses blackmailing methods, not only against the British Government, but also against the "Untouchables", who were gradually being weaned away from the Hindu-Congress leaders, whom they distrust. The "Untouchables" were getting close to the Mohammedans, and when one remembers that the "Untouchables" form the majority of Indians, one finds yet another argument for this country to come out and support the interests of these people.

The Government's scheme for the representation of the various communal interests in India gave the Hindus 705 of the 1513 seats in the Provincial Legislatures, and the Moslems receive 489 seats, while 37 seats are reserved for women. The Hindus, it will be recalled, objected to the method of allotting seats to the "Untouchables", but what is not generally realized is that the British scheme related to the Provincial Legislatures only, because the wider and far more important question of representation in the Federal Legislature is held up owing to disagreement, not at home, *but between the Indian States themselves.*

I am of the fixed opinion that long before we attempt to try to smooth away the difficulties which beset the setting up of Federal Legislature we must cope with sedition, which is most certainly not likely to end with Federal legislation. The Indian police chiefs will support my statement that the universities, particularly in Bengal, are seething with sedition, from the professors down to both men and women students. We have educated too many Indians—over-educated the few and under-educated the many. The students leave their universities jobless; the man who shines your shoes in Calcutta is, as likely as not, a B.A. From dissatisfaction with life, engendered by a failure to profit by graduation, it is a short cut to the ranks of the seditionists, the strife-makers. Candidly, I prefer the methods of Marshal Lyautey, who told me that when he was carving out Morocco for the French he kept a brake on the number of graduations, and saw to it that there were only sufficient graduations each year to fill the vacant posts. If we took the drastic step of closing down the universities of India for, say, three years, there would be a great outcry, but the eventual good we should accomplish would be incalculable.

We should also keep the closest possible watch on the activities of the foreign missionaries in India, who, according to information in the hands of the police and Central Government, are responsible for not a little of the storm over India.

It must be remembered that, besides the continuous warfare with Congress which the forces of

law and order have to wage, there remains the habitual police duties, dealing with non-political crime, murder, theft, drug-dealing, gun-running, and so forth. It is therefore not surprising to learn that on account of Congress activities crime in India is on the increase, because the police have less time and opportunity to deal with it. Allowing the police less opportunity to deal with crime is one of the many seditious plans of Congress to break down British rule in India, but although Congress, in the form of its Terrorists, uses crime as an aid to political activity, yet in Bengal thousands of criminals known to the police, and who are not interested in politics, have, as I have pointed out, voluntarily given assistance to the police in dealing with the Congress people.

There are many men, British as well as Indian, who advocate handing over the forces of law and order to Indians, which means the entire Indianization of the police force, the gradual dismissal of British officials and police officers, and the eventual surrender of our control of the only power in India to-day which holds the country together and prevents its sinking into the abyss of anarchy. There are many who challenge our right to command the Indian police, but what would become of this magnificent body of men if they were commanded by Indians? Without the slightest hesitation I affirm that within six months of entire Indianization the Indian police force would be split up into useless factions. It does not require a long residence in India to learn that the one element which prevents

the country from becoming a chaotic mass of struggling humanity is the presence of the British.

There are many people who believe that the real problem for the British in India is the economic and not the political one. But can one be sure !

I have seen the docks of Bombay piled high with British goods, which in the normal way should pass up-country for sale ; but there was no sale, because no one would finance the up-country freight. So Bombay, the once great Indian port, was as lifeless as a stagnant pool.

The markets of Bombay are either open, or half shut, half open ; but the only business done is in a hole-and-corner manner. Manufacturers who will not kow-tow to Congress blackmail have either moved or are preparing to move their factories to other parts of India, not British India, but native States where they know they will have the protection they once had from the British Raj.

The whole Presidency of Bombay is falling into decay, crumbling away, drifting back into the hopeless condition from which the British once rescued it. For a month I investigated the economical conditions, talking with everybody, and found that while Mr. Gandhi sat spinning in prison Bombay was going forward to the bottomless pit from which there is no return.

Superficially, the situation is "well in hand" ; mob-rule has been checked. But what Bombay needs is a guarantee to both Indians and European traders that they are to be protected from Congress threats

of financial blackmail, threats to burn down the markets, and the threat of the social boycott.

Indians now control the post-offices of India. All the men who handle postal and telegraphic matter at the post office counters are Indians; the Europeans, when there are any, sit upstairs in out-of-the-way offices, and are afraid to pass on complaints to their Indian colleagues. The Eastern Telegraph Company, a British concern, cannot receive cables direct from the public; they have to pass through the hands of Indian clerks. The result is chaotic for the public, and a foretaste of what one may expect if and when other public services pass into the hands of Indians.

What is the answer? The answer is that the tired old men of India must be brought home and must be replaced by younger men, who will stand no nonsense. The British line of ships which carries passengers to India is being driven to the wall by an Italian line, using more modern methods and better understanding of present-day needs. That is a reflection of what is happening in India. India, as administrated to-day, needs modernization.

India is too Victorian, and much too Edwardian. The heavy, old-fashioned English breakfast—porridge, fish, bacon, and eggs—is typical of the mentality of the tired old men who sit in the seats of the mighty.

We need men in India who take a glass of orange juice, a cup of tea, and a slice of toast in the morning, and then get on with their job. There are too many Josh Sedleys still in India. Bring them home.

After all, it was not until Disraeli made Queen Victoria, Empress of India that we became the British Empire. And the day India ceases to be a part of the British Empire, the British Empire as an Empire will cease to be.

THE END

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with many notice-boards: "Trespassers will be prosecuted." That is another illusion.

I think I know where my illusions started. It was in Paris, one pleasant autumn evening. The stormclouds had gathered over India; an occasional thunderclap, flashes of lightning, warned that at any moment the storm might break in all its fury. The command from London over the telephone to my house in the country sent me post-haste to Paris to book a passage in a ship belonging to that famous English company which, for so many years, has linked England with India.

It was five o'clock on a pleasant autumn afternoon, and I stood in front of the Paris offices of this famous English company. The lights were out and the gates were locked. Through the windowpanes, dimly, I could see entrancing models of ships, and electric light on the Boulevards permitted me to catch a glimpse of a poster in the office exhorting us to "Buy British".

Not very far away were the gaily lit offices of a famous Italian line. Mr. Mussolini's countrymen refuse to be cowed by these "Trespassers will be prosecuted" notices. Their ships are motor driven, they are cheaper, they are more comfortable, and the food and the service are so much better. How do I know? Because, although I sailed British, I came back Italian, and all my three hundred odd fellow passengers said: "If everything were the same we would sail British, but until this famous English company of ours wakes up, we shall not."

The next morning I secured my passage and set off for Marseilles. Another disappointment and another illusion ! The ship was a cabin ship, which means that it was an ex-first and second class turned into a so-called one class. But woe is me ! What a deplorable ship, what a deplorable staff ! The passage, it is true, was not costly, but what a terrible advertisement for Great Britain ! The stewards walking about with lighted cigarettes negligently hanging from their nether lip ; cabins that left little to the imagination when one thought of the steerage ; food so bad that it was often uneatable ; and although youth may not have been at the helm, the youth in the purser's office was a youth indeed.

And so to Port Said, from whence I meant to fly to Karachi. I thought of these great Imperial Airways, churning up the ether, making for India, leaving behind a long thin line of red. I had been sending cables to the Imperial Airways' office in Alexandria. I had asked for a seat in the 'plane ; I had asked when the 'plane left Cairo ; I had asked for useful information, but all I received was a bald statement that a seat in the 'plane was at my disposal, and with that I had to be happy.

Evening at Port Said. The usual screaming, jostling crowd. Englishmen in the blue uniform and red tarboosh of the Egyptian police were looking very exotic. Pock-marked faces, Greek money-changers, Armenian hawkers, screaming, raving pedlars, and then a young man who says that, although he is the representative of a world-famous

tourist agency, he is also the Port Said agent of the Imperial Airways. I asked if he had a message for me ; he knew nothing about it. I asked him when a 'plane left Cairo to link up with the Imperial Airways at Galilee, in Palestine, for India. He did not know. Disappointment after disappointment; illusion after illusion. I took my young friend by the arm and stuck to him closer than a brother, because I insisted that, although the hour was 11 p.m., yet he was going to open his office and give me some information. He did so, and more illusions tumbled to the ground as I saw him fumbling through the circulars and throwaways, vainly seeking the hour when an airplane left Cairo. I looked at this funny little man and thought of the great Disraeli who secured for Great Britain that marvellous canal just a few miles away, that great artery of the British Empire, the Suez Canal. Britannia rules the waves, but we have not yet got a time-table for the air. Eventually my young Eastern friend found a piece of paper which said that an airplane left Cairo for Galilee at 12.30 p.m., and should this ever catch his eye I should like to tell him that he was only one hour out in his information.

The last train from Port Said to Cairo had gone. The next train would make it impossible for me to catch the airplane. The obvious solution was a night drive across Egypt in a fast car. Although one can obtain a fast car in Egypt one cannot obtain the fast car swiftly. The car was promised in an hour, and after waiting three hours I decided

on two hours' sleep, so at four o'clock on a bitterly cold Egyptian morning I set out by road to Cairo.

Swiftly through the early morning we drove beside the Nile, and unto those ancient plagues of Egypt must be added one more : straying buffaloes. The dawn was gorgeous : sea-green and crimson ; the desert was like a petrified brown sea ; tall palm trees swayed gracefully in the early morning breeze. And a buffalo strayed in front of the car when we were doing about forty m.p.h. Crash ! We did not hit the buffalo, but we hit a palm tree. Ten seconds earlier there was nothing on the landscape but the buffalo ; now there were hundreds of men, women, and children, who had quite obviously stepped out of the pages of the Old Testament. Repairs were made and the journey continued to Cairo.

Cairo at last ! Tired, worn, I went to see a bank manager friend of mine and told him of my project of flying to India. He asked if he should ring up the aerodrome at Heliopolis to see if all was ready. In a few minutes I was being asked if I had an Egyptian visa, Persian visa, and an Irakian visa. The fact that I was already in Cairo was sufficient in itself to prove my good standing with the Egyptian Government, but ships do not carry Persian consuls and Irakian consuls on the high seas, a little fact that seemed to have escaped the attention of the Imperial Airways. Oh, that Britannia might rule the air as well as the waves, for that Airway to India is at the mercy of any official tied

up in red tape. The comic part of the situation is that Irak was British mandated territory, yet a British subject flying in a British machine cannot fly across Irak unless he has an Irakian visa. There was no time to conclude these pleasing formalities before the 'plane left, so there was nothing else to do but find out when there was another ship for Bombay leaving Port Said. Luck was with me for once; there was another ship of the same company as the dearly departed. It was a better ship, and the forthright young Englishman in the shipping office in Cairo despatched wireless messages to have my luggage taken off the late ship and put on a lighter to be transferred on to my new ship off Suez. Back again by road to Port Said. No buffaloes this time. Four hours' rest, and then my new ship.

I wonder why I have the impression of a Bloomsbury boarding-house on a wet Sunday afternoon? If I close my eyes I can almost see the rain-drenched tops of the plane trees in those old Bloomsbury squares. But instead of the swaying plane trees, what I see when I open my eyes is the heaving sea. Yet the impression of the Victorian boarding-house remains. It must be my fellow passengers; it must be the fact that we are summoned to tea by a gong. We have to sit down at long tables, patiently waiting for a slice of cake, and, if we are lucky and the landlady likes us, we have a small sandwich.

We have our coffee in the lounge; even the coffee has the Bloomsbury flavour. We have our bridge party, and you look at the fellow boarders

and you see that instead of contract bridge they really should be playing a hand of whist. Surely that fat young man over there is Mr. Jos. Sedley, late of Russell Square, going back to his collectorship in Bengal? There is the flighty young grass widow, and the man of mystery who is always alone. There are the games of chess, and an occasional dance. But although we are steaming through the Red Sea, yet the landlady—pardon, the captain—says that we are to go to bed at 11 o'clock in the good old Bloomsbury boarding-house way. At 10.50 we are told that if we want to have a drink now is the time, and when 11 o'clock strikes, out go the lights. Need I add that rice pudding is on the menu, and custard and baked apples may be had for the asking?

No, I refuse to think of that Italian ship, with its iced soups on the hot nights, baskets of fresh fruit, the well-chosen and variegated meals, the cabins that are not cabins, but bedrooms. Britannia rules the waves, but why must she rule them in the Bloomsbury tradition?

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All these things I have been thinking about as, with my bags packed, I watch the twinkling lights of Bombay. What lies ahead? What lies ahead in India, that land of paradox, of myths and legends? That land of conglomeration of races, creeds, castes, and religions; of sandy deserts, mosquito-ridden jungles; mountains and arid plains; intense

heat and extreme cold. That land of ostentatious and oriental splendour, 'exploited poverty, famine, and also plenty; princes' palaces and peasants' hovels. That land of bewildering, noble and inspiring architecture; domes and minarets; the Taj Mahal; the Golden Temple; burning ghats; mud huts; stinking bazaars; and naked and disease-ridden beggars.

Father Jumna tries conclusions with Mother Gunga at their confluence at Allahabad, where millions of devotees assemble at her shrine to bathe, shave their heads, and worship. Where the River of Heaven carries the dead with lighted candles on their brows to guide their bodies into the mouths of the waiting crocodiles, passing on their way the holiest of cities—Benares.

India, that land of mysterious religions, where naked, ash-smeared fakirs do penance on their beds of nails, and where priestly yogis, clad in their strange, saffron-coloured robes, stand ready to bestow absolution—namely a sacred red mark in the centre of the forehead. Superstitious, occult India, intriguing, loving and hating; the land of child-marriage and "suttee" (self-immolation of the girl-wife); of prostitution and unbridled lust and licentiousness. The great mysterious land where Mahatma Gandhi is regarded as half saint, half politician. I had been told in the ship that in order to understand India one must live three lives: one on earth, one in hell, and one in heaven. It may be true, but I think of this land that lies before me:

nautch girls ; tom-toms ; sacred bulls and sacred cows ; of its elephants and men-eating tigers ; of its snakes and of its fevers. Perhaps India, like many other countries, has its hell and heaven upon earth ?

“Let’s have another *chota peg* before we land,” says a cheery voice, and we drink another whisky-and-soda. The sun has gone down ; this is the hour when white men may drink in safety. Flocks of Indians and English men and women have come aboard our docked ship to greet their friends. Mothers troop down and pick up children who have been sent home small and have now returned tall ; garlands of jasmine and carnations are placed round the necks of returning passengers, so that many of my fellow boarders looked like successful exhibits at an Islington Cattle Show. It is all very strange, very exotic, and very amusing. The quay is one mass of colour ; the gangways are down ; I walk down a narrow incline and set foot for the first time in Mother India.

CHAPTER II

GATEWAY TO INDIA

BOMBAY is the Gateway to India. Through it flows both inwards and outwards the commerce of an Empire almost as large as that of the United States, and somewhat larger than the Continent of Europe, excluding Russia. Great commercial houses and magnificent public buildings flank its broad highways. A vast network of railways covers India, and branches out from Bombay, a series of islands ; immense ships sail further East and homewards from its port.

Bombay owes its origin to trade, but its very being began with romance. Originally there were seven groups of islands, which came into possession of the Portuguese and were given away as a dowry to Catharine Braganza when she married Charles II in 1661, but the King found the gift a veritable "white elephant", and seven years later signed it away to the East India Company at an annual rental of ten pounds. Now Bombay vies with Calcutta for the first place in the Indian Empire, with a population of very nearly a million and a half.

Bombay is more cosmopolitan than any other

city of the world. Gorgeous clubs, hundreds of white-clad, silent servants ; Bombay calls the West to the East. Every province of India has supplied its quota to the population of the city, and the foreign population ranges from the Chinese, Japanese, and Malays to the various nationalities of Europe, from England and France, from Germany and Switzerland, to the Central Europeans and the near Caucasians. Every religion of the world has its worshippers here, and the streets are a living pageant of the pagan, the Jew, the Parsee, the Christian, the Hindu, and the Mohammedan. Sacred cows roam the streets, sacred monkeys jabber from the house-tops, and Baby Austin cars driven by impeccable "Mem Sahibs" dodge in and out of the roaring traffic.

In the rush and turmoil of Bombay one is apt to forget that Bombay, the gateway to this immense sub-continent, is not in itself India. A ten-mile drive from the city brings one into another world. Tall palm trees loaded down with green cocoanuts, huts built of mud and dried palm leaves, markets full of exotic fruits and vegetables, and, most surprising to the visitor, not a sign of British domination ; not a soldier, not a gun—just nothing but native India. Cobras are found in the gardens of villas in the suburbs of Bombay, and a tiger may be shot within twenty miles of this extraordinary city. My window looks out on the Apollo Bunder, and no matter what hour of the day or night I look, there is always something going on : Bombay on Parade.

I see the Gateway of India looking rather like a glorified Marble Arch—what comedies and tragedies are played around this gateway! The dawn is beginning to gleam, a very faint blood-red flush, slashed right across the purple velvet-looking skies; stars that hang low and stars that twinkle high, about to fade. The moon, early last night a huge ball of orange, which changed even as I watched into a semi-circular ball of silver, is still in the sky, but fading away before the glory of the sun, which very soon now will rise out of the east and blaze into my room and make it a fiery furnace.

Out from beneath the arch of the Gateway come the sleepers who are awake. No, not all of them are Indians. That little one over there once rode winners all over India—when he came from Australia that was—and now—well, now he sleeps beneath the arch, possesses one suit, washes his shirt down there with the Indians, just above the smooth green lawns of the Royal Bombay Yacht Club. He gets his suit pressed, the Lord knows how, and any afternoon you will find him looking quite dapper, ready to drink as many *chota pegs* as you are prepared to buy him, and, if you are a tenderfoot, you may possibly hand over five or ten “chips” (rupees) for a tip he is prepared to sell you, but whether you do or do not he will be back there to-night, under the arch of the Gateway of India. Then come the dog wallahs, natives taking Europeans’ dogs for their morning walks. With what aristocratic majesty do these dogs mince along, disdaining all other

mongrel curs which pick up a living somehow around the Gateway.

The sun is now high, but the Indian loungers do not mind that; the Apollo Bunder is their Piazza, Times Square, Piccadilly Circus, or what you will. Maybe some time in the day they will meander off, quite a long way away, to the bazaars, but for the moment they will squat on a kerb, sit or lounge back against the low sea wall, and chew betel nut. A newcomer to Bombay would be pardoned for thinking there had been a recent and extremely horrible massacre, because the pavements all over the city are stained red, but it is just the expectorated juice of the betel nut.

Here comes the old man with the goat and two monkeys, and he will give a performance; then comes the old fakir—I nearly spelt it faker—with the mango trick, very childishly performed; then comes, to be moved by the native police, quite an entertaining Chinese juggler with three tiny boy assistants. Hordes of postcard-sellers, itinerant hawkers, beggars, men, women and children, and the live-peacock sellers, about a dozen birds tied together and perched along a pole balanced on the head. And the star turn, the boy with live snakes in a basket and the mongoose tied with a bit of string. There are always two cobras in the basket, but they are just the decoys; they play the same part as the rosary does with the confidence tricksters at home. Neither the snakes nor the mongoose have read their Kipling, because, when the fight

starts, that is to say, when a tourist or two has been attracted, the mongoose bites a very depressed-looking snake in the neck, and the mongoose wins the "fight".

This part of the Bombay parade lasts right through the day until about an hour before dusk. Then come hundreds and hundreds of handsome motor-cars and they park along the Bunder and facing the sea. The occupants are, for the most part, Parsees, the wealthiest citizens of Bombay; the men are in European evening dress, but the women wear gorgeous "saris"; the Bunder becomes a living flower garden, saffron, green, purple, red, coral, pink; a patchwork pattern of grace and beauty. They converse and stay until nearly nine o'clock, and then the Bunder is empty.

But not quite. Madam Moon is rising rapidly now and will soon be above the top of the Gateway of India. Madam is about to change her dress from orange to brilliant silver. Beneath the arch are stretched out white-clad figures that look like the dead. There is a welcome, cooling breeze. I hear, through the open window, a curious shuffling sound. I look out. A legless beggar is dragging himself along, round the corner of the Bunder, slowly shuffling along until he reaches the sheltering arch. And he does this so regularly at one a.m. every morning that I can set my watch by him. He is the rearguard of the Bombay Parade.

The first impression you get upon arriving in Bombay is that the East compares very favourably

with the West with regard to the administration of the Customs. Luggage is handled swiftly and efficiently. The officials are nearly all Indians, who know their jobs and carry them out with reasonable despatch. And here I must say that it was only in the Bombay Custom House that I found the Indian official working in a manner to which we are accustomed in the West. In other branches of Indian life, particularly in the post offices, the standard is very low indeed. We are told that this is a question which does not concern Europeans; we are told that India is run by Indians for Indians, and the Europeans must take India as they find it. That, I venture to suggest, is a very moot point. The aim of all countries is to strive towards progress. One does not want to force one form of civilization on top of another; unless one is very foolish one does not wish to force one nation to adopt the standards of another nation; but here in Bombay you have a very vast movement for Home Rule in the widest sense of these two words. Gandhi and his followers say that they are willing to accept Dominion status, and, even allowing that Gandhi and his followers interpret Dominion status as meaning something entirely different from that which is meant in Canada and Australia, yet it must be apparent to all but those who do not wish to see that all parts of the British Empire must accept a common standard of civilization.

In several parts of this book I seek to show how Great Britain has fought famine and plague in

India. We have reduced both famine and plague very considerably. That is our contribution towards the civilization of India. Our brains, our skill, and our money have been placed at the disposal of the Indian. Is it too much, therefore, to ask that he accepts our standards of State and municipal efficiency? The working of the Indian mind is a curious thing. There occurs to me the case of an Indian journalist, a Hindu, a man of high intelligence and education. He was on the staff of Reuter's in Bombay. One day he decided that, because he was an Indian, material progress and advancement with an English organization would be impossible. He therefore made up his mind to go to Europe, and did so, securing a position with the Secretariat of the League of Nations in Geneva.

While I was in Bombay our friend returned there to open offices for the League. He revisited his former colleagues in the news agency office and said to them, in effect, that Indians knew nothing whatever about organization of offices, that the English were the only people who could organize properly. Then he went up-country for a short holiday before opening his offices in Bombay. I met him when he returned—an entirely changed man. He refused to smoke our British cigarettes; he accused Great Britain of insincerity towards India; he was all for the boycott, and for Congress. All his background had gone. Now which part of this highly intelligent Indian was right? A man who sways this way and that is not a man capable of

ruling his fellow creatures. But India is full of them—hundreds, thousands, millions.

Kipling, you will remember, wrote a marvellous short story of India: "The Man Who Would Be King". It is a tale of two Britishers who sought kingship beyond the frontiers of India, but India is full of men, Indians, who would be leaders. Leaders of what, exactly?

The destiny of India must not be for triflers to meddle with.

CHAPTER III

RELIGIONS OF INDIA

ANNAMISM is, of course, Devil-worship. According to the historical literature of India, the Rig Vidas, said to have been compiled 2000 years B.C., justifies this fact, but early manuscripts have been destroyed by the Mohammedan invaders of India, and what the invaders did not destroy was destroyed by one of the plagues of India—the white ants. There is very little tangible material to form a connected history of religion in India. However, many learned societies have carried out much work of research, and with infinite patience have managed to piece together some of the early history of Hinduism, so that much of what we know to-day may be taken as historical fact.

The priestly class of Hindus are known as Brahmans, which is derived from Brahma, the “Merciful” or “Compassionate One”. With Brahm are associated the gods Siva and Vishnu, so that Brahm, Siva, and Vishnu form the Indian Trinity, which has three degrees, the first of which is Brahm, with four heads ; the second degree Siva, with four hands, three eyes and a necklace of skulls round the neck,

and with four weapons—the axe, the bow, the trident, and the thunderbolt; then, in the third degree, is the god Vishnu, represented as half a man, half a bird, with four arms.

There are very many Hindu gods, who are multi-faced or multi-armed, although nearly all have female counterparts who are regarded as goddesses. Thus, with Brahm, there is Saraswatia, the goddess of Wisdom; while Siva's consort is Kali, the goddess of Destruction, unto whom living sacrifices must be made; Lakshmi, known as the Mother of the Universe, is the female counterpart of Vishnu.

Brahm, on which the Hindu belief is based, is seldom worshipped, and temples to this god are very rare in India. It is difficult indeed to trace how Hinduism has become degraded as it is to-day. In its original belief it doubtless had a pure form, but the Brahman priests, who claim semi-divine descent from Brahm, do so in such a grotesque and bestial manner that it is hard to believe that any but the entirely illiterate and ignorant can regard the claims of the Brahman seriously.

The Brahmans through the ages have undoubtedly added very considerably to the number of their gods, so that once again there is conscious proof of the debasement of Hinduism from its pure form.

There is in the Fort of Allahabad, which is one of the largest arsenals of the Indian Army, a temple which is in possession of a certain Brahman family in perpetuity, and the members of this family, who

become fakirs or yogis, take it in turn to sit in the temple and receive contributions from the pilgrims, who come, many of them, hundreds and hundreds of miles, walking all the way and spending months on the road in order that they may worship at the famous tree, known as the "Khoon", which every seventh year is supposed to have a sort of miraculous bleeding. The fort stands in a situation which is supposed to be holy because it is the confluence of the River Jumna and the River Ganges. The fort was built by Akbar in 1575, and the temple is underground. After the pilgrims have received absolution from the fakirs by the water's edge they go to visit and pray by the bleeding tree. A British officer, who tells me that on several occasions he lived for fairly long periods next door to the temple, relates that the so-called "bleeding tree" is not a real miracle. The withered branches are cut away and are replaced by branches from living trees from the outside, and that the bleeding is cleverly simulated by hollowing out some of the stems of the branches and filling them with a coloured liquid which keeps dripping on the image of the god beneath the tree.

It has been estimated that if each pilgrim who visits the temple during the period of Magh Lah each year leaves only one "pie", which is the twelfth part of an anna, the Brahman family make as much as fifteen pounds per day during the month of January each year, and to this sum must be added the doles of the pilgrims who come and go all the

year round. Although this sum may not sound princely to English ears, yet in a country like India, where the average income per head per annum is two pounds, the receipts of the Temple of the Bleeding Tree are wealth indeed.

I have outlined merely in brief some of the facts concerning Hinduism. In other parts of this book I have gone more deeply into the question, and when one understands how closely caste is bound to religion, one can understand the terrible difficulties which Britain has to cope with in India. The British have outlawed child marriage and "suttee" in British India, but the followers of Mr. Gandhi have avowed that when India is returned to Indians these two terrible customs will be readopted. Mr. Gandhi maintains that there are no divisions between Indians in dealing with the British Government. When Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was addressing the last meeting at the Round Table Conference in London, he said: "My Hindu and Moslem friends——"

"We are only Indians here," interrupted Mr. Gandhi.

"My Hindu friends—and others," began the Prime Minister cleverly.

Let me now try to explain how it is that Mr. Gandhi, a Hindu, can never claim to speak for the Mohammedans.

Islam is the Arabic word which Mohammedans give to their religion. It means submission to the Will of God. The name Mohammedan is derived

from Mohomet, who was the last of a succession of inspired prophets. Their creed is: There is no God but God, and Mohomet is His Prophet. The faith of the Mohammedans implies belief in God; angels; inspired books; the prophets; the Day of Judgment; God's predestination of Good and Evil. If one reads the Koran one discovers an exceedingly close affinity with the Bible, but the Mohammedans consider the Christian idea of a Trinity as a mistaken conception, and that God's divine nature can be expounded out of the categories of Power, Unity, and Goodness.

The Mohammedans believe that God has revealed Himself to man through prophets to some of whom He has given a book, namely to Moses the Law, to Christ the Gospel, and to Mohomet the Koran. God therefore sent a prophet to the Jews, the Christians, and, lastly, Mohomet to the Mohammedans. Mohammedans believe in a resurrection to come, in the day of judgment, and also in paradise and hell.

Obligatory practices of the faith are strict, and include

The recital of the Creed once during lifetime.

The performance of divine worship five times a day: at dawn, noon, before and after sunset, and at the close of day.

Fasting. (Especially during the month of Ramadan, the fast is severe and includes entire abstinence from food and drink from sunrise to sunset during the whole month, which is generally the hottest of the year.)

If at all possible a pilgrimage to Mecca once during lifetime.

There are three important sectarian divisions of Mohammedanism : Sunnites, Shias, and Khawarys. These, although not differing in the main tenets of the Mohammedan belief, have divergent views and theories of the office of the Khalifa, who is the head of the whole Moslem world.

The Sunnites maintain that the Khalifate is an elective office which must be occupied by a member of the tribe of Qurayah.

The Shias put forward that the Khalifate is a God-given office and that the superhuman power of Mohomet descends through the members of his house (Allah and His children), so that they could interpret the Will of God and tell future events.

The Khawarys believe that the office of Khalifa is open to any true believer whom the faithful consider fit for it, even though he be a slave.

Since the end of the World War the subject of the Khalifate has been very prominent, and more especially so since Mustapha Kemel, the Dictator of Turkey, abolished it. I understand that the question of a revival of a Khalifate was semi-officially discussed in London during the second Round Table Conference.

The majority of the Moslems of India wish and hope for the restoration of the Khalifate. Their desire, of course, is part of the wish for the establishment of a Pan-Islamic League, but the Mohammedans of India believe that the restoration of the Khalifate would help to restore law and order, not only in India, but in other parts of the

East, and also in Africa. The marriage between Azam Jah, heir to the Nizam of Hyderabad, one of the most powerful of India's princes, and reputedly the richest man in the world, and the Princess Dari Chehvab, daughter of the ex-Khalifa of Turkey, had considerable significance for the Moslem world. At present there are in India, roughly, three Hindus to every one Mohammedan, but in Asia there are approximately 170 million Mohammedans, with about another 50 million in North Africa. The Hindu leaders maintain that the Mohammedans of India are not wholly of the virile war race who invaded India, but for the most part there are Hindus and others who have become converted to Mohammedanism. There is, of course something to be said for this point of view, because a certain number of Moslems are converted Hindus, but at the same time ~~it is one of those typical~~ exaggerations which one hears so often in India.

Mohammedanism is essentially a fighting religion, which upholds the principles of the Holy Wars. Theoretically, every able-bodied Moslem is a fighting man, ready to wage war against all unbelievers. Unbelievers must first be invited to embrace Islam; they are given a choice of submitting and paying tribute or fighting. If they elect to fight, the door of repentance is still open even when face to face with a Moslem aggressor, but if the unbeliever is defeated, his life is forfeit, and if the Moslem is killed in combat with the unbeliever, then he goes straight to paradise.

A typical instance of the difference between the Hindu and Moslem religions occurred while I was staying in Calcutta. It is forbidden in the Mohammedan religion for any person to make or publish a picture of the Prophet. A book with such a picture was published and sold by a Hindu. While the unfortunate Hindu was at his midday meal, two Moslem youths walked in and stabbed him to death. They stood there and waited for arrest. They were taken away, tried, and sentenced to death. In the ordinary way the hanging would have been carried out without any great to-do. But, as it happened, while the two youths were waiting for death, a Hindu girl student tried to assassinate Sir Stanley Jackson, the then Governor of Bengal, by shooting at him point blank with a revolver. The Governor's life was saved by the Moslem Chancellor of the University, who pulled Sir Stanley out of the line of fire.

In a moment the whole Moslem population of Calcutta was astir. "A life for a life ! A life for a life !" they clamoured. Sir Stanley, who had originally, I believe, refused to demand a reprieve for the two Moslems, was now inclined to request the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, to grant such a reprieve. The reprieve was refused. Night after night, for three nights, the mosques of Calcutta were full of Moslems weeping, wailing, and praying for the reprieve of the two murderers. Feeling ran so high that a cable was sent to the King-Emperor in London, begging for a reprieve. No reprieve was forthcoming for the

murderers, and feeling ran very high indeed. Mr. Edward Villars, President of the European Association, using his great influence, persuaded the mob of Moslems not to march on Government House in Calcutta.

The auxiliary forces of Calcutta were requested to stand to, should communal trouble break out when the murderers were hanged. Then suddenly somebody said: "But these two young Moslems killed an unbeliever, and if they are reprieved and spend their lives in prison they will not attain heaven, but if they are hanged they will go straight to paradise."

The two youths were hanged without any trouble at all.

CHAPTER IV

PARSEES—MISSIONARIES—HINDUS—MOSLEMS

THREE fat vultures sat on a wall, almost as if they were part of the coping-stone, three living symbols of the end of the life of a Parsee ; fat birds of prey, hundreds of their kind, line the top of the walls of this and the adjacent towers, and more sit on the tree-tops, waiting for their next meal, brought to them in state—the end of the life of a Parsee.

There are five towers in all on the crest of Malabar Hill, big towers and little towers, the biggest, three hundred feet in circumference ; the white-washed walls thirty feet high. There are no roofs ; the vultures have free access to the circular towers. Of the five towers, one is for men, one for women, and one for children, and two for those who have died violent deaths. In the centre of a tower is a circular hole, ten feet deep, and from this hole are four subterranean canals to drain the rainwater, water mixed with the dust of the bones of the dead, water which flows back into the earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust—the end of the life of a Parsee.

Near the Hanging Gardens atop of Malabar

Hill is another beautiful garden, rich with exotic flowers, high palm trees whose leaves sway in the soft breeze. The five towers are almost hidden by foliage. Here is peace, broken only by the occasional hoarse croak of a vulture.

The Parsees invaded India from Persia. Officially there are 57,000 Parsees in the Presidency of Bombay. There are five towers here, but many more scattered over India, and any Parsee who dies within a twenty-four-hour journey of a tower must be buried according to the Parsee ritual. The Parsees worship no god, only the four elements; but the most spectacular part of their worship is the worship of fire, and here is the Temple of Fire.

It is a long, low building, with four chimney-stacks protruding from one end. Fire burns day and night—sandalwood to give it perfume, but stacks of dried wood piled up high provide the fuel. In the inner temple, where the fire burns, only the priests are allowed to enter. But although the Hindus, whose temple can be seen from the gardens of the Towers of Silence, use the fire to cremate their dead, the Parsees use this element for worship purposes only.

There are forty men, including the priests, on permanent duty round the towers. The clerk who enters up the particulars when a body is brought for burial is the third of his generation who has occupied this post; he is an elderly man, and his grandfather held the appointment more than a hundred years ago. When the hour of seven arrives

sun, removes his hat, then replaces it and begins to say his prayers.

Although the Hindus and the Moslems wage a continuous warfare one against the other, the Parsees are never concerned with it. According to the official figures there are 102,000 Parsees in India, of whom 88,000 are in British India. Of all the eight religions tabulated in the Simon Report the Parsees are the fewest. Not only are they highly efficient men of business, but they are also respected by all classes of the Indian community.

The figures of the eight religious classifications give the Hindus and the Moslems 285,500,000 out of the 319,000,000 inhabitants of India, but since that classification was made the population of India has, I understand, increased to approximately 351 millions—a gigantic increase, which I explain elsewhere. After the Hindus and Moslems, the Buddhists come next with a little more than eleven and a half millions. Unclassified religions comprise nearly ten million people. Indians who have been converted to Christianity number four and three-quarter millions, while the Sikhs total three and a quarter millions, the Jains 1,179,000, and there are about three millions whose religious beliefs are not known.

The Christian Church in India has existed for 1,500 years. There is a tradition that it was established by the apostle Saint Thomas himself. Nevertheless, it is not more than about fifty years since conversions to Christianity have become so marked.

The Christian missionaries during the last half-century have converged on the more out-of-the-way villages, whereas previously the missionaries mostly worked in the larger towns and cities.

Of all the various Christian religions represented in India the Roman Catholic missionaries are by far the most successful, and there are now about two million Roman Catholics in India. Great work has most undoubtedly been done by the missionaries, but it is a very moot point whether the foreign missionaries should be allowed the same liberty of action as British missionaries. At the moment of writing this book there is quite a considerable number of American missionaries in India. They are showing far too much political sympathy with those Indians whose avowed purpose it is to turn the British out of India. Quite considerable sums of money are at the disposal of these foreign missionaries, who, by their very ignorance of the dangers of political propaganda, preach not only religion, but politics. I have in mind a story told to me by an English doctor in Calcutta. He was returning to India from the United States, and in his ship were seven American missionaries going for the first time to India. "The nicest of them all," said the doctor, "was a young fellow who had been a cowboy in Texas. I asked him what had made him turn missionary."

"Waal," he said, "I guess there is no more money in cow-punching in Texas."

The Simon Report pays high tribute to the

schools and hospitals founded and maintained by Christian missionaries of various nationalities and denominations, some of which the Simon Commissioners visited while in India. Mention is also made of the missionaries' work among women and children, and especial mention is made of the fact that the missionaries have lived in friendship and peace with both the Moslems and the Hindus. This is all true. But nevertheless, when considering the situation of the British in India and reflecting more especially on the future of our domination—if such a word does not imply too much—then I insist that the work of the missionaries, and more especially of the foreign missionaries, must be watched very closely indeed. This conclusion, I may say, I have not reached entirely from my own personal observations. I put questions to British residents in India, and their opinion is that the British authorities in India are far too lax in their control of the activities of the missionaries. It is only when a missionary is caught red-handed in some flagrant abuse of the laws of national hospitality that he is pulled up sharply and requested to remove himself from the district where his activities have become more political than religious.

I am reminded of an amusing incident in which an American missionary was concerned in Calcutta. The American was in a first-floor room in Writers' Building, getting his passport visaed, when a bomb was thrown and exploded on the ground floor. The American made one jump for the open window,

and slid down the drainpipe in the true cinema technique. Then he turned round and apologized for his athletics, but explained that for the moment he thought he was back in Chicago.

While I am writing about the religious complications in India the machine-guns are crackling in Bombay; motor-lorries full of British soldiers are patrolling the streets; now and again there is a spurt of fire. Communal trouble between Hindus and Moslems has broken out again, and once more the British Raj is balancing evenly the scales of justice. Cynics may sneer, and ask how one may deduct a sense of justice from the fact that British soldiers shoot both Moslems and Hindus indiscriminately. The answer is that it is only by shooting at whichever side it is that disturbs the peace that one can prevent a wholesale massacre which would stir the world.

Peace-loving men like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald believe sincerely that they can find a formula for the settlement of the Hindu and Moslem communal complications. Anybody who has been even but a short time in India can understand the utter fallacy of such a belief. By writing words on a piece of paper it is not possible to stop the Hindus and the Moslems fighting and destroying one another, not only, as the saying is, on the slightest provocation, but on no provocation at all. For instance, on a Moslem holiday, when the Moslems are in a mosque saying their prayers, a Hindu procession, say a bridal procession with music, passes

the mosque. The Moslems regard this as a vital insult and come out and attack the Hindus, who quite naturally defend themselves, and a communal riot starts. But usually it does not end as most riots end, with the dispersal of the rioters, but it goes on like a Corsican vendetta. Then the machine-guns crackle and motor-lorries full of British soldiers parade the bazaars.

In trying to explain something about the Hindu-Moslem war, I want to keep clear of the question of caste, and to reserve this subject for another portion of this book. To grasp some of the complications of the communal situation of the people of India it is very necessary to understand the various religious faiths. Leaving aside the minor sub-sections of the Hindu religion, one can say, broadly speaking, that the Hindus and Moslems have been responsible all through the ages for most of the blood that has been shed in India.

British Government officials and British representatives in India have been entirely tolerant and have never interfered with the various religious practices and beliefs. I have already referred to how the missionaries live on terms of friendship, and the same spirit of tolerance goes through the white population of India, and it is due to this fact that one finds Hindus and Moslems working together in the same factories and serving in the same police force. The Moslems take their prayer-mats, and five times a day, wherever they may be, bow their heads in prayer. The Hindus take no

notice; they look on with indifference, so that it is difficult to understand why these two great religions suddenly cause their respective followers to fly at one another's throats.

Religion in India, as far as can be reasonably traced, was begun by Annamism, which is still professed by the primitive tribes of India such as the Bhills and the Gonds, and the transition may be traced from this form of religion to Hinduism. The Hindus delight in many temples and shrines and many gods. The Sacred Bull is held in veneration, and cows are worshipped. Monkey temples, with live monkeys fed by the faithful, are as common as churches in an English countryside. All animal life is held sacred; no animal flesh is ever eaten by a Hindu, and in no circumstances whatsoever may an animal be killed. In Aminabad there is what is known as a Humanitarian League, which is a society for the prevention of the killing of diseased and suffering animals. In the compound of the League there are hundreds and hundreds of animals in all stages of disease. There are even pigeons with broken legs, scores of sheep which are not ill at all, but which have been given to the League by pious people so that they shall be maintained in comfort until they die of old age, otherwise they will become food for Moslems. It is told in India that the pious Jains pay men to allow fleas to bite them for their blood so that the vermin can live long.

These statements are no exaggerations. There

is hardly a railway station in India where I have not seen dogs and goats and cats hobbling about with broken legs, the poor animals having been run over by trains, and the pious Hindus refuse to kill them and put them out of their misery. The fields, too, contain many suffering horses, beasts so ill and diseased or maimed that every movement must be torture. Yet animal life in India is held sacred by the Hindus.

It is a strange thing for the newcomer to the big cities to find cows wandering about at will, eating their fill from greengrocers' shops, or being fed by pious Hindus. Many of these cows become as intelligent as dogs; they know where they are best fed and return to these places every day. In the bazaar quarter of Bombay one finds many cows sleeping on the pavements, and even in the Fort area, as the European district of Bombay is called, one finds cows wandering about. One morning, when I was dressing in the Taj Mahal Hotel, I looked out of the window and saw a cow trying to make its way into the miniature golf-course and being politely shooed away by a door-keeper. A few hours later I met the same cow on the other side of the building, trying to get an entrance to the soda fountain. Often one meets cows with garlands of flowers round their necks, placed there by worshippers. The Hindus touch the cows on their hind-quarters as they pass, because it is supposed to bring good fortune. Sometimes one sees two cows engaged in deadly combat with each other;

horns interlocked, one cow tries to push the other into destruction; but of the many cow fights I have seen, I can only remember one occasion when the Hindu onlookers tried to separate the combatants.

Yet animal life in India is sacred.